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PANAMA AND KANSAS.

THE dispute with the United States respecting the Mosquito Coast and the Bay Islands has scarcely been settled, when a new cause for anxiety arises in the same region. Mr. PIERCE has always assumed an offensive and unfriendly tone in his transactions with this country; and it may be added that no other part of his policy has been so loudly applauded by his party. Finding himself, at the close of his term of office, exposed to general reprobation—condemned by his opponents as the reckless mouthpiece of faction, and cast off by his employers as a worn-out tool—the PRESIDENT may yet wish to conclude his administration by offering a new affront to the Power which has made so many sacrifices of pride in the hope of conciliating the friendship of America. The seizure of the Isthmus, however, in defiance of treaties and of public right, would be a challenge which neither England nor Europe could hesitate to accept. So long as the passage between the two great oceans is left open, the possible extension of the Union to the Equator, or to Cape Horn, may be regarded with complacency or indifference by prudent English politicians; but the cause of freedom of commerce between the Atlantic and Pacific would justify a war, in which the chances of success would be all on the side of justice. It would undoubtedly be easy for an American expedition to wrest the Isthmus from the Government of New Granada. But it must not be forgotten that Panama is fifteen hundred miles from the nearest port of the Union, and that the maritime forces of England are far greater than those of the Republic; whilst the native population of Central America would be unanimously hostile to the northern invaders.

It is well known that, in the course of last spring, a riot occurred at Panama, in which several American passengers to California were maltreated, and a certain number of lives lost. It was perfectly right and natural that an investigation into the circumstances of the affray should be instituted by the Cabinet of Washington, and that the local Government should be required to give security against the recurrence of similar disturbances. But the PRESIDENT seems incapable of employing impartial agents to conduct important negotiations or inquiries. Having nominated a conspirator against Cuba as Minister at Madrid, and a Border Ruffian as Chief Justice in Kansas, Mr. PIERCE has sent, as Commissioner to Panama, a Mr. CORWINE, whose fitness for his office is fully indicated by the Report which he has made. His distortion of evidence for partisan purposes forcibly recalls the conduct of the District Attorney during the notorious HERTZ trial.

There seems to be little difficulty in ascertaining the true character of the riot. The negroes and lower classes of Panama had suffered, in various ways, from the insolence and violence of American passengers, and certain boatmen and muleteers thought themselves aggrieved by the substitution of a river steamer for the former mode of transit. Acts of violence on the part of the local population might, therefore, be readily accounted for; but all Mr. CORWINE's statements tend to negative his conclusion that the outbreak was pre-meditated. The immediate cause of the quarrel was a water-melon, which a drunken American offered to pay for by producing a revolver. The negro owner drew his knife—one or two passers-by interfered—but although a shot was fired, probably by the aggressor, no serious damage was done. The native population then rose, and menaced the railway station and the neighbouring hotels—whereupon the Americans loaded a cannon, and fired several shots from the buildings which they occupied. The police seem at first to have taken part with their countrymen, but the Governor finally succeeded in quelling the disturbance. Mr. CORWINE denies, in the teeth of his own witnesses, that

any shots were fired from the station; and he supports his opinion by the characteristic argument that Americans would have taken better aim, and would have caused a greater number of deaths. The testimony is unanimous, however, against the Commissioner, and the difficulty which he suggests may be solved by the undoubted fact that many of the American combatants were drunk. It is highly probable that the police may have been almost as much prejudiced as Mr. CORWINE himself; but the inference at which he arrives—that the United States should at once take possession of the Isthmus—requires stronger reasons to support it than any which he adduces. The Commissioner must have been fully aware that he was recommending his Government to violate an express treaty with England; but he also knew, in all probability, that his suggestion would be acceptable to the PRESIDENT and to a portion of his Cabinet. It is a waste of time to discuss the merits of a street row between negroes and drunken emigrants. The police of the Isthmus may be placed on a proper footing without an act of usurpation which would close up a principal artery of the future commerce of the world.

Even should the PRESIDENT adopt the proposal of his agent, it may be doubted whether a new act of violence will restore to the Democratic party the popularity which it has lost through the recent conduct of its leaders. Although the politicians of the Union may possibly overrate the importance of the coming election, they can scarcely exaggerate the universal interest which it excites; and the declaration of opinion which will be elicited at the ballot-box may perhaps influence the future fortunes of the country even more powerfully than the actual nomination of a President. Whatever may be the event of the struggle, Mr. BUCHANAN or Mr. FREMONT will be equally desirous, at the commencement of the new Administration, to propitiate general goodwill by real or assumed moderation; and some time must necessarily elapse before the triumphant party will begin to carry out its principles in action. The real point at issue is the destiny of Kansas, and the consequent decision whether Northern or Southern principles are henceforward to be predominant in America. In the meanwhile, the ill-fated Territory itself is enjoying an interval of uneasy repose. The new Governor, Mr. GEARY, has ordered the disarmament of the forces on both sides, and has disbanded the Missouri invaders whom his predecessor had called out under the name of the local militia. He gives the inhabitants the plausible advice to seek redress by constitutional means, and in the interim to abide by the existing Territorial laws. The Free Settlers reply, however, with much reason, that one of the Border Ruffian statutes prohibits a voter from exercising his franchise until he has sworn to maintain the iniquitous code which is, under Mr. PIERCE's auspices, at present in force. The *bogus* Legislature has thus provided for the perpetuity of its own enactments, subject to the unavoidable control of the Supreme Court of the United States; and the Governor has not yet pointed out any method by which his fellow-citizens can escape from the vicious circle in which they are enclosed. Nevertheless, it is probable that all parties will rest on their arms until the result of the Presidential election is known.

Although the Republicans have everything to gain, and their adversaries everything to lose, by the reduction of the contest to a simple question between freedom and slavery, the Democrats of the South lose no opportunity of presenting the issue in its most naked and repulsive form. The geographical position of the disputed Territory is justly considered by both parties as in the highest degree important with reference to their future relative strength. Kansas lies nearly in the middle of the North American continent, and between its boundary and the Pacific there is room for five or six new States, which will hereafter hold the balance of power in the

Senate. If, therefore, slavery takes root in Kansas, no free State will henceforth be permitted to exist in the whole of the Western regions; whilst, on the other hand, the triumph of the free settlers would effectually prevent the spread of slavery beyond the Missouri. The comparatively crowded population of the Atlantic sea-board has hitherto regarded the deserts of the West as its natural birthright; but white labourers cannot exist among slaves, and the establishment of the "peculiar institution" puts an end to free immigration. It is not probable, therefore, that the millions of the North will abandon their right, in deference to the slave-owning oligarchy; and the unanimity of the Free States would at once decide the contest. Although their number only exceeds by one that of the Southern republics, New York alone equals in population eleven of the Slave States, and New York and Pennsylvania together outvote the whole of the South. Fourteen Free States remain, and several of them have already declared themselves in favour of the Republican candidate. Whatever may be the result of the Presidential election, it is certain that the existing majority in the House of Representatives will be largely reinforced, and, after an interval, the position of parties in the Senate will be reversed or materially modified. Should Carolina or Georgia be so ill-advised as to attempt secession, the whole force of the Union will be at once put forth to maintain its integrity.

Notwithstanding the perversity of Governments at Washington, the English people will bear more from the United States than from any European nation. Two only among the great Powers of the world have preserved the inestimable blessing of freedom. Their laws, and language, and manners, are the same—their interests are, in almost all instances, identical—and any serious collision between them would throw back the prospects of liberty for a generation. There can be no real difficulty in effecting a satisfactory arrangement for the security of the Inter-Oceanic transit; and if treaties are violated, the responsibility will remain exclusively with the PRESIDENT and his advisers.

WHAT IS CLAMOUR?

IT is a dangerous amusement for a statesman to make a speech to his country friends during the vacation. The pent-up genius of diurnal criticism must find scope and raw material somehow, and we are bound to confess that a good many of our rural orators deserve pretty nearly all that they get. If they are conceited and dogmatic, who can complain if the next day's leader snubs them into modesty? If, like Sir JAMES GRAHAM, they descend to the level of the occasion, and talk a little after-dinner nonsense, they suffer no great wrong in being held up as examples to show how foolish wise men can sometimes make themselves appear. Comments of this kind are harmless enough; but it does seem hard that, when a public man carefully avoids the weaknesses to which travelling statesmen are prone, and responds to the welcome of his tenantry by a modest, sensible, and manly reply, he should find his speech pulled to pieces, his feelings derided, and his motives perverted, with even more than the average acerbity of Printing-house Square.

Lord PANMURE has been fated to illustrate the perfection to which the art of cutting-up has been brought. The professional sneerer can get on with the most unpromising materials, and knows how to find some ground for ridicule and insinuation even in the language of common sense and candour. The article in which the speech of the WAR MINISTER has been served up to the Sixty Thousand, is a first-rate specimen of this style of criticism. The tenantry of a Highland estate belonging to Lord PANMURE had entertained their landlord at a public dinner. How admirably appropriate is the suggestion with which the Leading Journalist introduces his comments on this seemingly simple affair—namely, that the two hundred Highlanders were all reckoning on crossing the border under the auspices of their chief, though on a somewhat different errand from their marauding ancestors! Again, Lord PANMURE, in returning thanks after his health had been given, referred to a tradition that this particular estate had been purchased by his ancestors, not because of its broad acres, but because it contained brave and honest hearts; and he declared his conviction that, while every external feature of the locality had changed, the hearts of his Highland estates were as stout as when the estate was acquired by his family on the

eve of the '45. Only a very ingenious critic could have found matter for censure in this simple and probably deserved compliment; but it happens that Lord PANMURE has Lowland as well as Highland estates, and therefore it is amiably hinted that, on the principle *expressio unius est exclusio alterius*, the noble Lord must have intended to insinuate that all his tenants except those whom he was then addressing had deteriorated from the moral standard of their predecessors.

These generous suggestions, however, are only skirmishers thrown out to cover the grand attack, which is of course directed against the remarks on political topics which the MINISTER OF WAR not unnaturally took the opportunity of making. In a *résumé* of his public life, however brief, Lord PANMURE could scarcely omit to mention his early connexion with Lord JOHN RUSSELL, to whose guidance he modestly attributed his own subsequent success. Nor is it very surprising that he should have expressed regret at the present unpopularity of his old friend, and a hope that his name might yet be connected with the public liberties and public duties of his country. We are not disposed to view Lord JOHN RUSSELL's recent political career quite as leniently as Lord PANMURE does; but a little partiality for the political associates of a life-time is a pardonable offence in a British statesman, and certainly we should never have had the ingenuity to discover the hidden meaning which the critic has detected in what he calls "a splendid eulogium on Lord JOHN RUSSELL, equally honourable, under the circumstances, to both sides." We can only do justice to the fine and delicate feeling with which this subject is handled by our contemporary, by quoting his tasteful comments on the passage in which Lord PANMURE refers to his former chief—"As one good turn deserves another, why should not Lord PANMURE some day reintroduce his old patron into that public life from which he is banished for a time? The WAR MINISTER, though he says he is no longer young, is only just approaching the time of life now preferred for the highest office, and Lord JOHN RUSSELL, whose name is already in the bright roil of Premiers, would not object, and, indeed, has not objected, to assist other claims to that honour." The skill with which the insinuation is veiled deserves the highest praise. If it had been bluntly stated that Lord PANMURE put in a word for Lord JOHN RUSSELL in the hope of improving his own chances of becoming Prime Minister, the idea would have been at once scouted by every reader as unworthy and absurd; but manner is everything, and a calumny which cannot be directly uttered may always be indirectly suggested by a skilful master of the art of detraction.

Our readers will hardly suppose that Lord PANMURE had done nothing to provoke this generous and high-minded criticism. In fact, the next topic of his speech which is brought under review sufficiently discloses the *animus* which dictated the bitter comments to which we have alluded. The noble Lord had, it seems, been complimented by a previous speaker on the wonderful improvement in the condition of the army which had followed his acceptance of office as MINISTER OF WAR. He was too honourable, however, to appropriate to himself more credit than duly belonged to him. He knew how to do justice to a statesman whom it had been his fate to succeed. He frankly acknowledged that, when he came into office, "the barometer was steadily on the rise," and that "many of the plans which had been laid, and the steps which had been taken, by his predecessor, he had only to work out as he found them, and little to add in order to bring them to a fortunate maturity." Perhaps, if Lord PANMURE had stopped here, he might have escaped unscathed, but he was so perversely candid as to add these unpardonable words:—"I believe, if the Duke of NEWCASTLE had remained in office—if that clamour, for I must call it clamour, which drove him from the reins of power, had not occurred—he would have succeeded as well as I have done in bringing the army round, from the state into which it had unfortunately fallen, to the state of discipline and improvement in which it left the shores of the Crimea."

This was too much for Leading Journalism to bear. Could not a more graceful word have been found for that "clamour" in which "We" took so conspicuous a part, and in which "We" persisted until Lord ABERDEEN, "our" former *protégé*, was laid on the shelf, and Lord PANMURE and his colleagues installed in office? Of course "We" were, and are "unbought, unenrolled, unattached"; and have no motive but a para-

mount regard to the good of the country and the success of its arms. Why should not such patriotism be appreciated? Why, above all, should our outcry be branded with the ugly designation of "clamour"? If an answer is wanted to this indignant inquiry, it is easily found. Lord PANMURE, in designating the storm of popular feeling to which his predecessor was compelled to yield, used the only word which he could use. It was a "clamour," and therefore he called it so. Neither he nor any one else, however, has insinuated anything so absurd as that the *Times*, or any other journal, joined in the cry for any sordid consideration. It was not an interested, but an ignorant, and to some extent, excusable clamour. The welfare of the army was doubtless the paramount consideration with every man in the country, and with editors and journalists among the rest; and there is not the smallest occasion for the Press to indulge in heroics about its unbought patriotism, when no one accuses it of being corrupt. But if the Press was honest, it is no less true that, in company with the great majority of the nation, it fell into a grievous error. The disasters of our army were known, but the causes which produced them were not, and could not be, known at the beginning of last year as they are now. It is not surprising that, in the ignorance which then prevailed, the occupants of the highest and most responsible posts should have been the first victims of popular indignation. But it does astonish us that, after the injustice of the cry has been admitted and established, those who originated it should show so morbid a sensitiveness on the subject. That the error was one of ignorance, every one is ready to acknowledge; and the fact that that ignorance was, under the circumstances, almost unavoidable, is, after all, the best excuse which can be urged. Infallibility, however, has this inconvenience—that it deprives its possessors of the best and simplest apology for a blunder. Neither the POPE nor the *Times* can get out of a mistake by a frank confession. The law of their existence forbids it; and the only way in which the Leading Journal can claim recognition for the purity and integrity of its motives, is by assailing and disparaging any one who, like Lord PANMURE, ventures to advert to an error or injustice which it may have committed. The attack on the SECRETARY FOR WAR was a hard necessity; and the most provoking part of the business is that nobody can fail to understand the exigencies by which it was dictated, and the conscious discomfiture which it was intended to cover.

THE INSOLVENT BANKS.

IT is not at all pleasant to be made the victim of an experiment for the public good; and when the experiment takes the form of costly law proceedings, it is one of the most disagreeable things in the world. It seems to be the fate of the depositors and shareholders of the Tipperary and Royal British Banks to undergo this ordeal, in addition to the losses which dishonest officials have already entailed on them. We fear that they will derive very little consolation from the consideration that their misfortunes may lead to some improvement in the legal methods of winding-up insolvent companies. Such, however, ought to be the case, for the present state of the law on the subject is neither clear nor satisfactory.

The first attempt of the Legislature to provide for such emergencies was made at the time when the whole commercial world had been shaken by the crisis of 1847. The remedy proposed was the simplest, and, perhaps, the best that could have been adopted—being nothing more than an enactment by which Joint-Stock Companies were brought under the dominion of the Bankrupt Laws. The scheme, however, had scarcely, if at all, been tried, when it was practically superseded, though not expressly repealed, by the statutes known as the Winding-up Acts. Since 1848, the machinery of those statutes has been almost invariably adopted whenever a bubble company has got into difficulties; and a vague impression has prevailed that bankruptcy proceedings would not be allowed to go on after a decree of the Court of Chancery on a winding-up petition—a point which will shortly be settled at the expense of the persons interested in the Royal British Bank. In the Tipperary case, a similar question arose, and there it appears to have been considered that the Court of Chancery must prevail over the Court of Bankruptcy. A few words of explanation will enable depositors and shareholders to judge which mode of liquidation is most likely to lead to a satisfactory settlement.

The first point to be borne in mind is, that the Winding-up Acts were not passed for the benefit of creditors, but altogether for the benefit of shareholders. The idea on which they proceed is this:—Creditors are, by the general law respecting joint-stock companies, entitled to levy execution against the private property of any and every shareholder until their debts are fully satisfied. The working of this principle has been to throw the burden of joint-stock losses almost exclusively on a few shareholders of real or reputed wealth. Every creditor fired, of course, at the fattest buck. To remedy this injustice, and to distribute the losses of a company rateably among the shareholders or promoters, was the object of the Winding-up Acts. For this purpose, they created an officer—now only too well-known under the title of Official Manager—whose duty it was to wind up the company under the direction of the Court. Machinery was provided by which the proportionate liabilities of the members were to be ascertained, and their ultimate contributions adjusted by means of calls. In order to enable the official manager to discharge his duties, it was necessary that he should ascertain the amount of the debts due from the insolvent company; and with this view, every creditor was required to prove his debt under the winding-up proceedings, before being allowed to prosecute his remedies at law. When he had fulfilled this condition, he was left by the Act in exactly the same position as before it passed—that is, he could pursue his legal remedies, and sell up every shareholder until his debt was paid. As the rights of creditors were not intended to be practically interfered with by the Act, they were allowed no voice in the appointment of the official manager—it being almost immaterial to them whether he did his duty or not, as they had always their old stringent remedies to fall back upon in case no sufficient call should be made to provide for their demands.

This being the principle of the Act, one little interpolation in the practice of the Court of Chancery respecting it changed its operation altogether. It was soon seen that a multitude of actions would greatly embarrass the winding-up proceedings, and that, if the official manager was sufficiently active in making calls, realizing assets, and paying off debts, it would be much better to leave the liquidation in his hands than to allow each creditor to right himself. Accordingly, it became the practice to restrain the actions of individual creditors, and thus to give the official manager nearly all the functions of an assignee in bankruptcy, with the special power of making and enforcing calls. This officer had now become the representative of the creditors, and trustee for them, instead of a mere adjuster of the neutral claims of the harassed shareholders. The latter were relieved at once from the pressure of a host of enemies, all of whose powers were, in fact, concentrated in the hands of a single officer, and—the most material point of all—that officer appointed by the Court on the nomination of the shareholders themselves. If he chose to be gentle or dilatory, shareholders had always time to escape, and to make things snug; and the unlucky creditors were neither allowed to prosecute their own remedies, nor even to have a voice in the choice of the officer by whose exertions alone their rights could be vindicated. In short, a winding-up case is practically a bankruptcy in which the assignees are selected by the Court from the nominees of the bankrupt himself. Such an arrangement would appear strange in Basinghall-street; and it is suggested, with probability if not with truth, that this is the real cause of much of the delay with which winding-up proceedings have been so often charged. In other respects, it will probably be found that the Winding-up Acts are better adapted to the case of a Company than the ordinary Bankrupt law; but the choice of the officer on whom everything depends is so essential a matter, and one on which creditors have so good a right to be heard, that we are not surprised to find that an attempt has been made to supersede the Chancery proceedings by the summary intervention of the Bankruptcy Commissioners. Whether the experiment will succeed, is a more doubtful question. The analogy of the Irish case is adverse; but it must be remembered that the judges there have not interfered with the actions and executions of creditors, as they are in the habit of doing on this side of the Channel.

The course which has been taken by the official managers and others concerned in the winding-up of the Tipperary and Royal British Banks, has been nearly the same in both cases, and affords a curious commentary on the state of the law and practice to which we have referred.

In both instances, the depositors have been urged to assent to a compromise; and if a *bond fide* offer of a fair composition were made, there can be no doubt that it would be the wisest as well as the most merciful course for the depositors to accept it at once. Probably they would do so; but in the English case, the strange part of the proceedings is, that while directors and shareholders are obstinately silent, and make no proposition to appease their creditors, the official manager has done his best to induce the depositors to pledge themselves to accept certain terms of composition, which their defaulting debtors will not even condescend to promise. It is a common thing enough for a man to compound with his creditors, and it is generally done in this way:—He calls them together—explains that he cannot satisfy them in full—states what he is prepared to give—offers a guarantee for the payment, or perhaps assigns to trustees every farthing he has in the world—and then, after some coaxing and reasoning, persuades his creditors to come in and execute the composition. But suppose, instead of this, an insolvent firm should instruct its head clerk to send round circulars to the creditors, giving them no information as to the available assets, and requesting them to say how many shillings in the pound would content them—without, however, promising to pay a sixpence. The result would be, of course, that the creditors would vote the firm a model of impudence, and would set to work without delay to prosecute every legal remedy within their reach. If it turned out that the defaulters were really able, if they chose, to pay 20s. in the pound, the case would be still grosser. Yet this is pretty much the position of the shareholders of the Royal British Bank. Their clerk, the official manager, has modestly requested the depositors to fill up a blank form, stating the amount of composition which they will consent to take. At the same time, the directors and shareholders carefully abstain from giving any statement of what they can afford, or any promise as to what they intend to pay. They sit, in silent dignity, to receive the humble petitions of their creditors to be allowed to remit so much per cent. of their claims.

So long as these tactics are pursued, no compromise is likely to be effected. It would be far better for the shareholders, and perhaps also for the depositors, to arrange the matter without the assistance of any court; but there is no chance of such a result, unless some offer of accommodation is distinctly made by the members of the Bank. There is but a short time in which to effect an arrangement; for even if the bankruptcy proceedings be stayed, the official manager will not be justified in suspending a call for a single day after the case is ripe for that step. Even the committee of depositors, who are certainly jealous enough of everything and everybody, declare that they have confidence in Mr. HARDING personally, though they object to the mode of his appointment. The shareholders, therefore, seem to have little to hope for, even from their own official manager; and they would, we think, best consult their interests by making an immediate and definite offer of a composition. The case is a hard one for everybody concerned; but hostility between the depositors and the shareholders will only aggravate the losses of one, if not both, of the contending parties.

PUBLIC ATTENTION TO PUBLIC MATTERS.

MEATPHYSICIANS have neglected the public mind. They have analysed that of the individual, and invented many difficult words to describe its operations; but there they have stopped—few persons have ever studied the proper operation of the national intelligence on public affairs. A good many Englishmen, even in the present generation, scarcely believe that there is such a thing. In all the great seats of industry, there is, no doubt, a good deal of superficial talking on public affairs. If you attend the Exchange at a great town, you will hear frequent observations on passing events and coming questions—many gentlemen there have really nothing else to do. But there is no real thought in what they say. They would deem it improper to express any. Each of them has the air of a “pre-occupied man”—an immense business weighs him down—great bargains oppress his mind. It is true he talks of the *Times*, but this is merely the recreation of the tasked intellect. He is most careful not to evince any real reflection—that would show that he had time to think of public affairs. The repute of a man of business depends on his being busy; and when cotton is declining one-eighth per

pound, he must not be anxiously occupied even with the existence of England. His tongue may mutter, “PALMERSTON, well-dressed man, man of the world, Sir—no financier, Sir”—but his reflections go no deeper. From the reputation of an accurate study of public questions a prudent trader shields himself as from bankruptcy.

Nor is this, though often absurd, a mere foolish affectation. The English people have a great idea that a man ought not to know what is at a distance. They have no opinion of “persons at Lacedæmon who think how the Scythians shall be governed.” They are aware that success in practical pursuits depends on a thorough acquaintance with near and palpable facts, and they distrust any one whose mind is not evidently and exclusively devoted to such facts—who shows a knowledge of what is far off, abstract, or obscure. Sometimes a young man is caught exhibiting mind; and immediately there is a whisper and a sensation—“a speculative man,” “well-informed, I dare say, but occupied, Sir, with what does not concern him.” And there is this amount of truth in the idea—that some industrial occupations, though not nearly so many as is supposed, do require the strict and entire attention of those who conduct them. In these, it is obviously true that the shrewd trader will not be conversant with national affairs.

Another prejudice, in a very different sphere of thought, has restrained some Englishmen—particularly in the last generation—from reflection on national affairs. Father NEWMAN, in a sermon published many years ago, expressed a desire that he and his hearers might not, according to his phrase, “be busied with public matters which concern us not.” And though the more judicious of his school and party have not committed themselves to any absurd exaggeration of this sentiment, weaker persons, having themselves little taste for business of any sort, and being destitute of the speculative sense which is needed for the proper comprehension of national business, have been prone to inculcate a certain aloofness from public interests as a becoming grace, if not a necessary virtue. The favourite literature of such divines tends to mislead them. That remoteness from secular things which naturally characterized a missionary church in a Pagan empire is not an exact model for the energetic usefulness of Christian citizens in a free nation. The error is not, indeed, absolutely confined to this class of thinkers; for, in the tenets of the exactly opposite school, we find a fallacy similar in result, though different in its grounds. The brother of the theologian whom we have named has told us that, in the days of his extreme Evangelicism, he held, “not as a theory of his own, but as an interpretation of the New Testament, that Christians are *non-political* beings, and have only private and domestic life as their proper sphere.” And though few, even of the zealots of the party, would express the theory with so much logical hardihood, many who are not zealots have a tendency to regard political speculation as a habit of the “natural man”—to stand aside from transitory controversies—to let the “potsherds of the earth strive as they may with the potsherds of the earth.” The obvious answer to such speculations is, that in free countries a large share of power is necessarily in the hands of the community at large—that each member of that community has a responsibility in proportion to his power—and that he can no more divest himself of it, without a breach of trust, than a despot in a monarchy, or a nobleman in an aristocracy. Instead of its being a sin, it is a duty for an Englishman, in his degree, to be “busy about public matters.” The duties of politics are transitory only in the same sense in which life itself is transitory. A free citizen is “one of the powers which be, ordained” to act according to his conscience, or to act otherwise at his peril.

The degree in which a man should attend to politics must depend on the amount of his leisure and the transferability of his mind. The last point is quite as essential as the first. There are men who have next to nothing to do, to whom it would be most dangerous to attempt to do anything else. Political duties are very rarely the most pressing duties of any man; for every one, not actually engaged in the administration of the business of the country, has other cares, which, though apparently smaller, are really greater, because more personal to him. The first duty of every cog in the wheel of civilization is to be a good cog—it may study the course of the whole wheel afterwards. Some people cannot do this at all. They are obliged to keep their minds exclusively intent on what is near them, or they lose the chain of life. They must go in the blinkers of business—if they try

to look over the country, they start and turn aside. But such persons are fewer than the indolent apathy of a domestic nation is apt to suppose. Most men can really attend to the general current and train of public events. This was curiously shown in the late war. The moment people had an interest in what was going on in the world, they found mind and time to attend to it. Persons who did not know Lord PALMERSTON from Lord DERBY, became absorbed in the gallantry of Alma and the steady glories of Inkermann. The newspapers were, for the moment, what in general they boast of being, but are not—a popular literature. No such absorbing topic at present lays hold of the minds of men—those who attend to politics just now can only attend to them as a duty. The small complexities of miscellaneous questions will not attract those who do not, by habit and upon principle, choose to think of them. Indeed, it is only persons who possess some leisure, and whose minds vary their pursuits rather easily, who can hope to form any real judgment on topics so involved and obscure as most of the Parliamentary questions of the day. But it is as regards such matters that it is daily becoming more requisite to urge as a duty the reflection which formerly was a necessity, if not a pastime. Public opinion, as people say, rules; but public opinion needs to be formed by the real thinking of the public. One of the best signs of the times is the great improvement in our political writing—an improvement not so much in ability (for the demand for intellectual gladiatorialship has been great since the days of *Junius*, and the supply has been ample) as in culture and spirit. It has been discovered that writers who, on important topics, will appeal to the quiet reason of discriminating men, may obtain an influence far greater than the sound which goes out into all the earth from the pompous voices of the unthinking "thunderers." There must continue to be a corresponding change in readers. Since there is no longer an absorbing topic compelling men to attend, some men of culture must compel themselves to attend. BURKE has spoken of the "Corinthian capital of polished society;" and the highest form of public opinion ought to be chastened and cultivated like a work of art.

Of course we do not expect such an elaborate attention from the mass of occupied men. They have neither leisure nor capacity for it. The coarse power and genial sagacity which fit men for practical affairs must not be taken out of their sphere. All that can be expected of such persons is, that they should learn to respect political culture—that they should appreciate if they do not possess it. The general English mind has hardly ever appreciated the characteristic virtues of statesmen at leisure. It thoroughly understands the value of commanding genius at a difficult crisis—it estimates even better the steady ability which transacts at all times the common work of the common day. But it does not appreciate the discriminating intelligence which moves quiet things that require to be moved—which is not content with doing well what must be done, but goes out, according to the saying, "itself by itself," to find ideas in which it will delight, and which will guide it in special and practical reforms. The first part of the last century was a period of political leisure, and the eager thinker has called it the "misused trial-time" of modern Europe. Sir ROBERT WALPOLE did but typify the genial sense which is ever glad to transact the work of to-day, but is too sanguine and too narrow to care for the anxious details of to-morrow. If the Fates are once more about to send us, for our trial, a few years of seasonable leisure, it is to be hoped that we shall not waste them as those who lived before the break-up of the old system of Europe abused and wasted their long period of unproductive quiet.

The only objection to inculcating the duty of political reflection is that it is a duty which men are not always the better for attempting to perform. Vague and pompous minds have an unhealthy tendency to national topics. Their neighbours know better than they do all which relates to the neighbourhood; and they shrink from topics on which they can be exposed—on which there is a test. They prefer dissertations on the "future of Europe," where proof and disproof are equally impossible. Such men have, moreover, a great sense of their dignity. They affect oracular attributes, and are celebrated in villages for being acquainted with what no man but themselves knows. One test, however, separates this sort of mental dissipation from the reflection which is to be desired. All real thought has some mixture of pain. The anxious problems of civilized society are

not topics on which the wisest can, without labour and sorrow, arrive at accurate results. If a man likes to think—if he is proud of thinking—the chances are that he thinks wrong. There is a legend of a young gentleman who, on becoming a *10*l** householder, set down the fact in his journal as an era in his life—to use his own words, as "a noteworthy instance of the reflective assumption of a public function." We desire no such reflective assumption. We only wish to see all classes, according to their several habits of thought, modestly considering public affairs—men of the closet reflecting studiously, men of action thinking sagaciously—but both alike thinking soberly, conscientiously, and as a duty.

RURAL POLITICS.

SINCE Sir E. B. LYNTON and Mr. AUGUSTUS STAFFORD delivered their philippics against the collection of agricultural statistics, there has been a complete inundation of speeches for the benefit of the farmers. A week or so ago, Mr. DISRAELI charmed the ears of the men of Buckinghamshire with his eloquence, but he carefully avoided any allusion either to the farmers' inquisition or to the future of the "Country party." The history of the Bucks Association was the topic of his speech. That respectable body was told that it was just twenty-four years old, and that it had passed through a stormy period with so much wisdom as to have reached at last a haven of prosperity. The fluctuations of fortune that have attended the Society which Mr. DISRAELI helped to found, were moralised upon in a mysterious style which seems to involve an under-current of allusion to the career of the orator himself. "It is hard," says the Conservative leader, "to commence; but there is a yet more difficult thing in life—and that is, to re-commence." There is something melancholy in this solemn reflection, but a more cheerful observation follows:—"Twenty-four years is a great test of the merits both of individuals and institutions; few can exist so long without being subjected to cajol and criticism; but the test of excellence—the test of having principles which deserve the sympathy and respect of mankind—is that, at the end of that interval, the institution should be found to exist." Happy statesman, and happy Society! Both have preserved their political existence for four-and-twenty years! Yet we think it would be possible to find a public man who has managed to exist for a quarter of a century without having ever been burdened either by too many principles or by too much sympathy.

It is a relief to turn from the dark sayings of the past, if not the future, leader of the Opposition, to the plainer speaking of Sir JOHN PAKINGTON. Bolder than Mr. DISRAELI, the right honourable baronet ventured, though with somewhat hesitating steps, on the great statistical question. He thought it most desirable to have returns of farming produce, and especially so for the sake of the agriculturists themselves; and though he objected to the plan proposed last session, he believed and hoped that some system would be discovered, not inquisitorial in its nature, which would give satisfaction to the farmers and attain the desired object. It is a pity that Sir JOHN did not explain the scheme which he thus hopefully anticipates; for, as matters stand at present, it seems to be deemed inquisitorial to ask a farmer how many acres of wheat he has got, and yet, without such information, we do not exactly see how the total quantity can be ascertained for the entire country, this being the one fact which it is essential to discover. Besides expressing these somewhat cloudy hopes on the subject of agricultural returns, Sir JOHN went through a few of the usual rural performances. He did the Australian gold trick with great success. He reminded his hearers that he had explained to them, years ago, that the gold of Melbourne was the great antidote to free-trade, but that, in those days of depression, "every man in the room thought the idea absurd"—a conclusion very creditable to the intelligence of Sir JOHN's former hearers. But he sticks to his theory as stoutly as Sir ARCHIBALD ALISON himself, and maintains that the gold discoveries were an interposition of Providence to meet the "circumstances of the times"—by which he appears to mean the repeal of the Corn-laws. Intermixed with his party fallacies, however, are some sensible remarks which are more properly his own. He ventures to laugh at the old plan of pleasing a farmer by telling him he was hopelessly ruined; and he is bold enough to suggest that a farmer,

in order to succeed, must conduct his business with adequate capital, brains, training, and skill.

At the Bedfordshire meeting, held on the same day as that over which Sir JOHN PAKINGTON presided, the chairman, Lord CHARLES RUSSELL, gently hinted to the farmers that they ran a chance of making themselves ridiculous by refusing to furnish information as to the extent of their crops. "Agriculturists," said his lordship, "stand at the present moment almost as high as any body of men can; . . . and if some persons are a little dissatisfied, and sneer at the agriculturists, it is owing to the fact that the farmers have opposed the collection of agricultural statistics. Let them remove that stigma, and they will occupy as high a position as any industrial community in the universe." For ourselves, we can truly say that we are not at all disposed to sneer at the farmers on any such ground as that suggested, for we do not believe that they are really opposed to a measure of which even Irish agriculturists have appreciated the value. But we have one complaint to make of the farmers as a body—namely, that they have got a habit of giving credit to any nonsense which their members talk, and that they have, in consequence, become prejudiced against a scheme which is called "inquisitorial," without having taken the trouble to ascertain for themselves whether the accusation is deserved or not. Essex affords a shining example of the blind confidence with which the oratory of county members is apt to be received. Years ago, when every other district in the kingdom had become more or less tainted with the Free-trade heresy, it was the boast of that uncontaminated county that, from both its divisions, and from the boroughs no less than from the land, true-blue Protectionists alone were sent to increase the collective wisdom of the House of Commons. The faith of Essex was, however, more in persons than in principles; and not even the great Derbyite defection could long deprive the political leaders of that marshy province of their old supremacy. Major BERESFORD, it is true, was once hunted from the hustings by what he is still pleased to designate "the rabble of Braintree;" but, notwithstanding his temporary eclipse, the voters of Essex obey to this day the absolute sway of his dashing eloquence.

Certain tacticians of the "Conservative" party have always prided themselves on the use of the favourite weapon which they rather profanely designate as "the Christian Cry," and no one can wield it with greater effect than W. B. At the recent meeting at Castle Hedingham he surpassed himself. On the vexed question of Church-rates, he was almost sublime. According to him, Church-rates are the rock on which the Church in this country is founded—a discovery which, after the decision of the Lords on the Braintree case, we are very sorry to make, as we should much prefer believing that the Church rested upon a rock which partook less of the transition character. Major BERESFORD has also, it appears, become a religious martyr, and "has been subjected to some persecution on account of his determined opposition to the attempts to unchristianize the country." It is satisfactory to hear, however, that he is proof against every trial:—"They may persecute me again; they may throw obloquy, and call me a bigot, as much as they like, but while I breathe and live I will vote in the House of Commons against, &c., &c. . . ." How could heroism such as this fail to win the cordial cheers of the Essex yeomen? After the gallant Major's stirring appeals, who could doubt that the rejection of Jew Bills and the impoverishment of Maynooth are the grandest objects which British statesmen can propose to themselves? Descending from these lofty topics, the member for North Essex touched cautiously on the reported decease of the Conservative party. That party, he said, was supposed to be getting low—some even went the length of saying that it was defunct, and that it had no fixed principles to keep it together. For himself, he declined to pronounce as to the state of the patient; but he was not surprised at the prevalence of such reports, when he saw the Conservative leaders repudiating so vital a question as that of Maynooth. The chairman of the meeting, Mr. DUCANE—who was announced as a candidate for the seat which Sir JOHN TYRELL is about to vacate—was more explicit, though scarcely more cheerful, in his views of the condition of the party. The best he could say was, that the vital spark was not extinct, and that, though it slumbered at present, it would spring again into activity under the leadership of a Minister—yet to be found—who would develop all manner of interests and promote all sorts of causes (too numerous to

particularize) which the voice of the country and the spirit of the age might require. Mr. DUCANE did not, however, indicate the whereabouts of the coming Minister, further than by saying that he would be found in the ranks of a united Conservative party, and not among the all-talented, but all-unprincipled members of the Coalition. The last epithet is rather bold in the mouth of a Derbyite, but we have simply quoted the passage as one of many indications of the progress of the Conservative schism, and of the possibility that Mr. DISRAELI may once more have to try his hand at a rerecommendation of political life.

We must not bid farewell to Essex without recording the Major's views in the matter of statistics. They were announced as especially trustworthy, because he had taken the opinions of some tenant farmers on the subject—not men of cramped views, but men who farmed large tracts of land—and found them all adverse to the measure. Not being quite as well satisfied as Major BERESFORD appears to be that extensive farms necessarily produce enlarged views, we have taken the liberty of examining the objections with which these worthy tenants armed their inquiring member; but they seem to differ very little from those of Sir E. B. LYTTON, for we find that the Major's argument on the subject is almost a verbatim copy from the Baronet's speech. On one point, the member for North Essex was more imaginative than any who had gone before him, for he thought it necessary to dilate on the hardship of investigating "all the private affairs" of the farmer, "what capital he embarked, what stock he had, what were his returns, and what his expectations." And the men of Essex cheered this as if it were a fair description of a measure which asked no more than the acreage of their crops and the number of their cattle. Have we not a right to complain that the farmers shut their eyes, and take their facts from men who tell them what they think will please, not what they know to be true? In West Surrey, we find the same topic handled in a somewhat different, if not in a wiser, fashion. Even on the most used-up subject, there is always something new for Mr. DRUMMOND to say. His latest political discovery is, that agricultural statistics are all "humbug"—that there can be no particular objection to giving them, but that they would not be of the smallest use to any living man. Between the prophet of Surrey and the martyr of North Essex, the farmers may well be puzzled. If they will take our advice, they will leave their old guides and begin to think for themselves.

SELF-GOVERNMENT AND NO GOVERNMENT.

IT is the stereotyped boast of our institutions that, in point of fact, we have no domestic government in the Continental sense of the word. Foreigners are invited to note with admiration the absence of military and *gens-d'armes* in our towns. The police is an institution which has only been smuggled, as it were, into our capital, and constitutional jealousy makes a point of snubbing it when it happens to be exceptionally effective. Much gabble is current about our Anglo-Saxon character; and the constable's staff—never formidable, and, fortunately, seldom relied upon—is quoted as the palladium of British freedom. On the whole, the system works tolerably well, because Englishmen have an habitual respect for law and order; but there is such a thing as carrying even the best of principles too far. Self-government may become no government; and when every man does that which is right in his own eyes, we have realized the most ancient and authentic definition of social anarchy. This principle of self-government receives its severest trial in a great city. It is there that the old parochial and local notion of neighbourhood and mutual duties is most apt to break down, and that the force of public opinion is least felt by individuals. In a metropolis, domestic government almost inevitably falls into the hands of those who are least capable of governing. Persons actively occupied in politics, literature, and business, cannot afford to attend to municipal and local concerns; and a man who has nothing to do is usually fit to do nothing. Hence it is that, in London, all the extant municipal bodies are in the last stage of inefficiency. Vestries, local boards, common councils, and amateur boards of directors, are by-words of jobbing and incapacity. Mr. THWAITES's Parliament of *prud'hommes* has spent more than a twelvemonth on the sewers, and has as yet only succeeded in producing a seal, and in settling the precedence of its members.

We are in the habit of boasting to foreigners of the

magnificent moral spectacle which London presents—two millions and a half of people without a garrison, without prefect or prætor, without municipal authorities, without *octroi*, without markets, without tolls, without any interference with the personal independence of a single shopkeeper. But the shield has two sides. The moral grandeur may cost us much social misery. The British metropolis may be a noble and interesting specimen of Teutonic independence or self-dependence, and yet it may be the most uncomfortable capital in the world, after all. For the present, we will select only a single aspect of London. It has the proud distinction of having no markets. We speak broadly, for such institutions as Leadenhall and Covent-garden markets are rather dépôts from which the retail dealer supplies himself than what is generally understood by the term. Our system is for every neighbourhood to obtain its supplies from local shops, and of course, in such an immense area as that of London, it would be absurd to think of establishing a butchers' quarter, or a fishmongers' quarter. But the separate-shop system breaks down. We have, in one sense of the word, more markets than any other city in the world—only they are under no control whatever. Most of our readers must be acquainted with the Saturday-night aspect of some favoured spot of retail trade in their respective localities. The Edgeware-road, the Brill in Somers Town, Golden-lane, Shoreditch, and the Brompton corner of Knightsbridge, will have sometimes caused very mingled reflections to the contemplative observer. A Saturday-night's market in London may be a very grand display of self-government, but it looks too much like an exhibition of sheer barbarism and anarchy. The unlicensed costermonger, dealing out blasphemy and false weights to his poor customers, may have his moral, but he certainly has his immoral aspect. He and his customers are a standing difficulty to all but those who understand free trade as meaning freedom to cheat and to be cheated, to poison and to be poisoned. We fully admit that, the thing having grown into a habit, and housewives and househusbands being accustomed to make their weekly purchases *al fresco*, or in the mud of the squalid streets, it would not be worth the risk of a metropolitan *jacquerie* to suppress these lawless markets. But it is surely possible to place them under some decent moral and sanitary regulations. We do not ask for any interference on the ground often urged by the small shopkeepers, that they interfere with the legitimate and accredited status of householders and tax-payers. These things settle themselves. If a shopkeeper cannot compete with a stall-keeper, his landlord must lower his rent; and it is a fact that, in a neighbourhood where the Saturday-night market prevails, the smaller class of shops do not appear to thrive tolerably well. But the system has other and more serious evils—evils with which it must be perfectly practicable for society to deal without the slightest infraction of any constitutional or economical principle.

We say nothing of the mere noise, disorder, and tumult of these weekly open-air markets. To some minds, of course, this aspect of a London Saturday night is a gratifying and ennobling display of the virtues of self-government. The nearer man approaches to a savage state, the greater his dignity; and certainly, as regards a free-spoken simplicity of tongue and manners, the British costermonger is a good specimen of the natural man. But London is the only capital in the world which absolutely abandons itself to the mercies, commercial and moral, of this chartered libertine; and he enjoys his existing privileges, not in virtue of any legal or constitutional principle, but simply under favour of official negligence and sloth. There is in the City a comatose institution, called the Inquest, charged with the duty—which it does not perform—of systematically revising traders' weights and measures. At Billingsgate and at Newgate Market there are officers—who generally discharge their function—specially appointed to inspect the quality and wholesomeness of fish and meat exposed to sale. And there is a Metropolitan Police Act—actually in force, but not in execution—giving the police all sorts of powers of dealing with obstructions in the streets, foul language, offal of the market and of the mind, dirt and indecency. To those, however, who know anything of the New Cut or Shoreditch, the letter of the law on these matters must read very like the legislation of ZALEUCUS, or any other ancient worthy chronicled in *Lempriere*. In fact, a policeman is as great a rarity in a Saturday-night market as a Home-Secretary at a casino. He may be there, but it is certainly *incog.*

Now, is it impossible to regulate these hebdomadal street markets, and to compel a little decency and honesty in their management? We shall doubtless be told that it is very difficult to deal with the settled habits of the poor. But it is for the sake of the poor that we put the question. It is they who suffer. There cannot be a more palpable poor-man's question than that of putting down frauds that ruin him in purse and health. Ordinary customers of ordinary shopkeepers have only themselves to thank if they are cheated either in the quantity or quality of their purchases; but the costermonger's patrons have no choice but to buy the stale cabbage, doubtful fish, and questionable flesh which he sets before them, and to take his word for the weights and measures which he employs. Surely, the sanitary reforms about which we make so much fuss demand that there should be a limit to this toleration. It is a very dangerous liberality which allows the poor to buy unwholesome and poisonous food; and it is a downright and unmitigated social wrong to connive at fraudulent trading, and to tolerate riot, robbery, and indecency. Those who best know what these street markets are will probably be the last to dissent from our opinion, that they are commonly scenes of gross disorder—that the weights and measures used are very often, if not generally, false—and that the goods sold are very frequently unfit for human food. If such are the facts, it is absurd to say that they cannot be dealt with—only less absurd than to contend that they ought not to be dealt with.

ITALIAN NEWSPAPERS.

IT is satisfactory to find that the wholesome dulness of the Long Vacation is felt beyond the limits of Great Britain. A packet of Piedmontese newspapers lies before us, not one of which has escaped the soporific influences of the season. The slumber of the Subalpine Kingdom appears to be disturbed by one dream only—the subscription for one hundred cannon to be placed on the new fortifications of Alessandria. Contributions to the fund are pouring in from all quarters. Manin has opened a subscription in Paris, and one piece is to bear the inscription, "From the defenders of Rome and Venice." The subjects of other Italian princes are showing their sympathy for Victor Emmanuel as far as they dare, and the walls of Alessandria will ere long hardly invite attack. The *Gazzetta del Popolo*—an organ of the advanced liberals of Piedmont, established in 1848—is, as might be expected, not the least active in publishing lists of subscribers and expressions of sympathy. A letter from Carrara, accompanying an offering of 535 lire, begins as follows:—"Carrara sends her mite for the hundred cannon of Alessandria, which is fated, please God, to be a second time the bulwark of liberty and Italian independence." Of course the names of the senders are suppressed in all cases where acknowledgment is made of money received from the subjects of a "Croat Government."

The size of the journal we have named is probably by no means proportionate to its importance—otherwise the prospects of the radicals of Turin would appear to be indifferent, for the number now before us consists of only six small and ill-printed pages, inclusive of the supplement. The *grido di odio all'Austria* which it gives forth is only surpassed in shrillness by its language about the clergy. "It is clear," so runs one passage, "that they try to distil money from everything, from the nails of the cross to the linen of the Virgin." The expressions which it makes use of with regard to England are less equivocal than those of some of the other journals of which we are about to speak. The following sentence occurs in an article about the hundred cannon:—"When free England echoed the voice of Piedmont and took part in the subscription, the Austrians laughed no longer; but what was to be done? Were they to demand of the English Government an interruption of the collection? That was not to be thought of."

The *Diritto* is a larger and handsomer paper than the *Gazzetta del Popolo*. Its articles, although not of much merit, are likewise better. It is published at Turin, and was commenced in the year 1854. It appears every day except on Mondays and the great festivals. The number for the 18th of September consists of three leading articles, a review, and some paragraphs of news. The "Diaro Estero," with which it begins, notices briefly the principal countries of Europe and the intelligence last received from them. The "Diaro Interno" reflects on the Government for an alleged want of discretion in some of their diplomatic appointments; while a third paper, under the title "La Regina d'Oud e il Governo Inglese," contains much rubbish about "Burk," and is full of the usual half-informed prattle in which foreigners are apt to indulge when they talk of what they so little understand—the British Empire in India. The longest article in this number is a review of a book called *Cinque Novele Calabresi*, lately published in Florence, and written by an excited Calabrian. A more outrageous piece of puffing we have not often read. The *novele* are, judging from the short analyses of their plots which are given by the critic, of the worst type of melodramatic love and bandit stories; but the reviewer

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declares that even the "Prefazione fantastica" which introduces them is a great work of art. It recalls, it appears, "the conversations of Socrates and of Tasso with those who loved their genius; it is far superior to the imaginative flights of Dickens; indeed Goethe alone could have inspired it, had not the author found sufficient inspiration in the muse of his own heart." It would be difficult to collect in one sentence a cluster of names which have less in common. There is one passage in this review which curiously illustrates the divided state of Italy. "To a Lombard like myself," the author remarks, "Calabria is known only by some fragments of its history, by a confused recollection of an account of it which I have somewhere read." And he goes on to tell us that he does not believe the information of his countrymen upon this subject to be much better than his own.

The *Unione* is also published in Turin, and is now in its third year. It appears daily. Its size is about the same as that of the *Diritto*—a sheet of very moderate dimensions, with four columns in each page. The number before us contains a rather well-written article, headed "Naples—the Revolution, and what next?" The writer comes, however, to no very definite result. His feeling is evidently in favour of a more decidedly *Italian* policy than that which, in his opinion, is now pursued by the Piedmontese Government. "On it, if it is equal to its mission, depends not only its own destiny, but that of the whole peninsula." This number also contains a letter, dated Vienna, September 10th, and written either by an Austrian subject, or by one who assumes that character. According to him, Baron von Bach has brought back from his recent tour in Lombardy tidings far less favourable than the Austrian Government had expected. The population is tranquil, but thoroughly and systematically opposed to its rulers, not only in the towns but in the country likewise. The causes of this are to be sought in the abuse of the power entrusted to the military authorities after the troubles of 1848. Baron von Bach, we are told, speaks strongly of the bad effects of the Concordat in a country accustomed, as Lombardy had for some time been, to considerable religious freedom.

The *Risorgimento* is of the same size as the *Unione*, and is now in its sixth year. It bears the very appropriate motto—

Multi renascentur que jara ecclide, cadentque
Quae nunc sunt in honore.

It is a daily paper. The first peculiarity in it which strikes us is the insertion of a short calendar of events connected with Italy, the anniversary of which happens to fall on the day of publication. The next is a letter from Modena, full of abuse of the Duke, and of praise of Victor Emmanuel. The letter of a Parisian correspondent contains an apocryphal-looking story of a secret agent said to have been sent by Louis Napoleon to the late Emperor Nicholas, to sound his disposition with regard to England. A long article follows, condemnatory of the proceedings of the National Bank in Piedmont. The writer thinks that the bank does not fulfil the purpose of its institution, chiefly because it does not afford sufficient aid to commercial transactions on a small or moderate scale. An extract from a book by the Duke of San Donato occupies about a column. It treats, amongst other things, of the position of the clergy in Naples, contrasting the conduct of the Pope towards a Government which persecutes and imprisons priests, bishops, and archbishops, with his behaviour towards Piedmont, which simply refuses them undue influence. An advertisement, published in a conspicuous part of the paper, is a good sign of reviving commercial activity in one of its ancient seats:—"On the 20th of October, a steamer of 2000 tons is to sail from Genoa for Pernambuco, Bahia, and Rio Janeiro, which ports it is hoped will be reached in twenty-two, twenty-five, and thirty days respectively." The steamers on this line are to sail once every month.

The *Gazzetta delle Alpi* is a small paper, with three columns in each page, published daily, festivals excepted. It was commenced in 1851. The principal article in the number before us is entitled, "Is France in position to undertake a general war?" The writer comes to the conclusion that she is. "If France does not engage in a European war," he says, "the reason must be, not want of the means of doing so, but simply the fact that a European war does not as yet form part of the plans of her Government. Not only can she enter the field when she pleases, but she is urged to do so by important interests—by the interest which she has in destroying, not only the treaties of 1815, but the causes of those treaties; by the interest which she has in presiding over a new organization of Europe in the name of liberty; and by her interest in preserving not only her honour and her influence, but perhaps also her internal peace. The rule of Louis Napoleon, if no war takes place, will hardly be of long continuance."

The *Nizzardo* appears every day, except on festivals. It is a small paper. The number before us contains one of a series of articles in answer to Count Montalembert's *Fie IX. et Lord Palmerston*, depicting in the darkest colours the miseries of the States of the Church. A long letter from Turin gives some satisfactory details as to the increase of that city. The same letter contains one singular paragraph:—"The present sent by Napoleon III. to King Victor Emmanuel, of which I spoke in my last communication, consists of a copy of the *Imitation of Christ*, by Thomas à Kempis!" Some remarks of this writer in another place are curious, and represent, no doubt, the opinion of many honest but rash politicians amongst his countrymen.

The present moment, according to him, is one critical for Piedmont. She is supported by the sympathy of England, of France, and of America—her army is burning to wipe off the disgrace of Novara—and all Italy is ready to rise when she gives the signal. If, however, she still remains inactive, a change of government may any day take place in the Two Sicilies, and the hegemony of Italy may pass from Turin to Naples.

It would be absurd to draw any very sweeping conclusions from so small a number of papers as those before us; but we are, perhaps, justified in saying that they testify strongly to the general detestation of Austria, to the increasing prosperity of the country under free institutions, and, although in a less degree, to the hatred of the clergy which is felt by a large part of the population. We have still to speak of the *Armonia*, the organ of the priest party, of the *Opinione*, of the *Italia e Popolo*, and of some other of the Piedmontese journals. In none of those which have passed before us have we found a single article which shows much ability or any remarkable amount of information; but their general tone is sensible, and free from the exaggerations and falsehoods of party spirit.

THE MAINE LIQUOR LAW.

DR. F. R. LEES has gained a prize of one hundred guineas from the "United Kingdom Alliance to procure the legislative suppression of traffic in all intoxicating liquors," for an essay upon the objects of the Society, which has been forwarded to us with a printed request that it may be reviewed. The essay was written between the 5th and the 20th of September, 1855; and as it contains 317 closely printed pages, it is, as might have been expected, very ill written. Dr. Lees says that he knows this as well as "the critics." "It is," he continues, "our pleasure to anticipate and prevent the needless labour by saying—'Perfectly true, gentlemen, we could have written a better essay if we had had more time, and we could have had more time if we had had more money.'" He adds that he "knows the stereotyped jokes about prize essays, and that the old platitudes may be revived because convenient." We know neither the jokes nor the platitudes, but we do know the stale expedient of apologizing for a slovenly performance by avowing its clumsiness—as if the absence of art or of care could be supplied by the presence of an unusual allowance of impudence. An ill-written book is an ill-written book, whether the author admits it or not; and in this case, the badness of the composition is peculiarly vexatious, as it entails upon a reviewer, anxious to discharge his critical duties fairly, the necessity of reading through a thick volume which might, with a little trouble, have been compressed into a thin pamphlet. In the true style of a provincial prize essayist, Dr. Lees begins with many pages about the province of legislation, including much speculation and criticism on Bentham, Humboldt, Dr. Arnold, and the *Westminster Review*—all of which is meant to prove the self-evident truth that there are, or may be, trades which it would be wise to suppress by law. In an equally characteristic manner, we are treated to a whole wilderness of facts which establish, beyond a doubt, the indisputable truths that drunkenness is a very bad thing—that it causes a large proportion of the misery of the country—that legislation, up to the present time, has not put it down—and that much evil of every description goes on at public houses. The concluding chapter contains a sketch of the history of the Maine Law in the different States of the Union; and the whole essay asserts, reasserts, insinuates, and protests, in a thousand shapes, and for a thousand reasons, that a law ought to be made as soon as possible for the suppression of all traffic in spirituous liquors. It is hard to answer, point by point, an argument of this blundering length and confused character. Even Lord Stanley's conscientious and painstaking industry would probably break down under the task. But though we cannot follow Dr. Lees through all his facts and figures, we can, we think, give him, in a succinct form, the reasons which lead us to differ entirely from his conclusions.

Though drunkenness is an enormous evil, it is possible, though difficult, to exaggerate its bad effects; and Dr. Lees has, we think, accomplished this feat. Scotland is a more drunken and more prosperous country than Ireland—England would surely stand a comparison with Naples, in all respects except the relative sobriety of the two nations—and notwithstanding the total abstinence principles of Mahometanism, we should doubt whether the Turks and Egyptians were better off, on an average, than Europeans. For reasons of which these are a specimen, we are inclined to believe that national sobriety and national prosperity are by no means convertible terms. Though the evils of drunkenness admit of being exaggerated, and are in fact exaggerated by the advocates of the Maine Law, they are no doubt so great that any plausible scheme for their removal deserves serious attention. The proposal to declare the trade in intoxicating drinks illegal is advocated by its partisans as being the only one sufficiently comprehensive to face an evil so enormous. But Dr. Lees at least entirely fails to appreciate the difficulties which would make the enactment of such a measure in this country totally impossible, or, if possible, most dangerous.

To suppress a branch of commerce is a measure which can only be justified in those extreme cases in which the object of the prohibition is an evil universally acknowledged as such. The catalogue of prohibited trades is very soon exhausted. The cultivation of tobacco is prohibited for a conclusive financial reason.

The trade in immoral books and prints is forbidden because no one doubts its pernicious character. But, on the other hand, though the Legislature professes its Christian character in the strongest manner—though it expends and sanctions the expenditure of many millions of money every year for the purpose of extending Christianity—though it has even made the publication and sale of blasphemous libels a crime—it abstains, and we think wisely, from putting the law in force against dealers in them. It virtually tolerates the traffic, because some publications of that class do in good faith advocate the views which they maintain, and a very small difference in opinion as to the character of any action is enough to make it an improper subject for legal punishment or prohibition. Where such a difference of opinion exists, the law loses its moral force over those who deny its policy; and if they are subjected to the legal penalties of disobedience, nothing will prevent them from considering themselves as martyrs, or at any rate, as victims of oppression. Dr. Lees' proposal is singularly open to this objection. It calls upon us to adopt as the basis of legislation a crotchet peculiar to an insignificant minority. Substantially, his proposal is that we should interdict the use of spirituous liquors to all but the very rich; for to those who cannot afford to import on their own account, a prohibition of the trade is equivalent to a prohibition of the commodity. Such an interdict can only be defended on the ground that the use of intoxicating drinks is *malum in se*. Now, however true that opinion may be, it is the opinion of but a small fraction of the population, and as such cannot possibly be made the basis of legislation.

The ground which we have indicated is simple and straightforward, but it is one which Dr. Lees is anxious to avoid—probably because it exposes his cause to the consequence which we have pointed out. As he would put the case, the prohibition of the liquor trade is a sacrifice which the law ought to impose upon the sober for the sake of the intemperate. He does his best to separate the question of prohibition from the question of total abstinence, and maintains that the first may be properly and consistently advocated by those who do not approve of the second. This argument appears to us to be not only bad in principle, but to set at defiance all the special facts of the case. To make a sacrifice is one thing—to enforce a sacrifice by law upon a very large minority (to take the view most favourable to the Maine Law) is quite another thing; but this is what Dr. Lees and the Alliance wish for. The conduct of a legislator and that of a private individual in such a case must be regulated by totally different principles. St. Paul would eat no meat so long as the world stood, lest he should make his brother to offend; but he carefully avoids laying down a general rule that no Christians should eat meat lest weak brothers should be offended. Wise legislation takes into account the interests and prejudices of all classes, even those of the sober and well-conducted; and though it might be praiseworthy in those classes to deny themselves luxuries or comforts which habit has almost made necessities, out of regard to their weak brethren, it would be very harsh in the Legislature to force them to do so. To contend that intoxicating drinks and poison stand exactly on the same footing, is one of those puerile exaggerations which injure any cause. At the very outside, drunkards are a not inconsiderable minority of the population, whilst those who drink beer or wine are an overwhelming majority. It would probably be an enormous exaggeration to say that a quarter of those who drink intoxicating liquors sustain any other injury from them than that which, in the opinion of teetotallers, is inseparable even from their temperate consumption; and even on that enormous and extravagant estimate, the proposed law would force three people to a painful sacrifice, in order to confer a doubtful benefit on the fourth. But if the general principles upon which the Maine Law is advocated are unsound, their application to the particular case of England is still more absurd. An English Maine Law would be—and, what is of still more importance, would appear to be—an invasion, by the rich, of the pleasures of the poor. The public house and the beer shop would be shut up, but the wealthy and the clubs would import their own wine. The tap would cease to run, but the cellar would be inviolable. It may be a very sad fact, but it is incontestably true, that the public-house is the poor man's favourite, too often his only, recreation. To deprive him of this would be the immediate and palpable effect of the law; and an effect more harsh and more cruel it would be hard to conceive. To force a crude and unpopular theory upon vast masses of people—to deprive them of a favourite, even if it be a pernicious indulgence—to treat grown-up men like overgrown babies, are a few of the methods which Dr. Lees and his friends recommend as likely to conciliate the different classes of society. Whatever may be the possibilities of legislation in an American Republic, such measures as the prohibition of the liquor trade are out of the question in a country like England. To abstain from extreme and violent remedies for social evils is part of the price we have to pay for our enormous wealth, for the vast and complicated texture of English society, and for the weight which is allowed to the interests and prejudices of all ranks and classes. Legislation has its bounds everywhere, but they are sooner reached in England than anywhere else. Society with us is too big to be governed except in the broadest way, and for ends the most universally recognised. There are numberless evils which might be prevented by law in smaller States, but which can only be remedied

by private enterprise in England, and drunkenness is, we believe, amongst the number.

Of course a philanthropist like Dr. Lees is quite above troubling himself about any such matter as the question of revenue. A Maine Law, he says, would make the people sober. Sobriety would increase the national wealth, and the channels of taxation would be changed, whilst the subjects of taxation would be increased. We confess that this argument seems to us to stand on sandy foundations. Would a Maine Law make the people sober? We doubt it exceedingly. It could only prohibit the sale, and not the importation—nor, as we understand the proposal, the manufacture—of intoxicating drinks; and where there is, on the one hand, a right to manufacture and to possess unlimited quantities of liquor, and on the other an ardent desire to drink it, the only effect would be to give an enormous impulse to smuggling. If the Chinese cannot prevent opium smoking, we may be quite sure that we should not be able to prevent drinking. If the manufacture, as well as the sale, of spirituous liquors were prohibited we should have the additional evil of bringing the law into disrepute, and exposing large classes of society to the constant temptation of breaking it. Smuggling has something of the charm of poaching—the most seductive, and one of the most demoralizing of crimes. To be village Robin Hoods, and to withstand with dauntless breasts the exciseman and the temperance detective, would be an irresistible temptation to the whole population of audacious youths who have more blood in their veins than brains in their heads. Even in the pattern State of Maine—where, by the way, the law has been repealed as intolerable—crime actually increased under the operation of the system, owing solely, says Dr. Lees, with *naïve* triumph, to the convictions under the law itself. Is this such a desirable result? Is it a very encouraging consequence of prohibition that it produces more offences in one direction than it prevents in another? And if this is the state of things in a comparatively small and simple society, what would it be in the oldest and most complicated society in the world?

There is another item in Dr. Lees' little bill to which he does not advert, but which staggers us not a little. Though his proposed "reform" would, in all probability, operate principally by driving the trade into secret and illegal channels, it would give the existing brewers, distillers, wine-merchants, hotel-keepers, publicans, and beer-sellers an unquestionable claim to compensation. Dr. Lees tells us that intoxicating drinks of various kinds in this country sell for 56,000,000*l.* annually. How much capital is employed in producing this enormous amount? Is Dr. Lees prepared to add perhaps 25 per cent. to the National Debt, in order to buy it up; and can he point out the sources from which he proposes to raise a sum sufficient to pay the interest of the compensation-money, after cutting off the most fruitful of our branches of revenue? To a philanthropist and a speechmaker these considerations may appear vulgar enough; but to lawmakers we fancy they will appear sufficiently grave to postpone to a very distant day indeed the enactment of a Maine Liquor Law in this country.

THE POETRY OF THE TURF.

IT does not seem either a very romantic event in itself, or a very promising subject for fine poetical language, that a man should go down into Yorkshire by an excursion train, and see a score of horses race for a mile or two over a heath. But the poetry that grows wild in the human mind soon teaches men to surround any favourite pursuit with a halo of metaphorical diction, which at last becomes so elaborate and so copious that it is not easy to penetrate through it to the simplicity of bare facts. Racing is especially rich in terms of art; and it seems almost a primary requisite in any one who pretends to an acquaintance with the turf that he should learn to speak figuratively of every horse, part of a horse, race, prize, distance, trainer, and jockey. We may be sure that it is very pleasant for two of these augurs to meet each other, and to talk of their sport in a language which, to the uninitiated, is worse than Hebrew, because its English sound makes its obscurity all the more provoking. When put on paper, however, a little patience will interpret it; and its ingenuity and oddity make it very agreeable reading, even to a man who has never seen a race-horse, and who would no more venture to speak without leave to a jockey than to a duchess. The contrast between what the plain English of the master would be and what the artistic English is, the poetical flights which seem all attempted on a pre-established plan, and the solemnity of the interest shown in every detail of the sport, prevent our being wearied, and enable us to enter more heartily than we might perhaps think possible into the minutiae of other people's business, and into events of the most trivial importance.

Any sporting paper or magazine will supply an example of this kind of writing; but it is not often that a specimen can be found so completely satisfactory as a contribution to the *Sporting Magazine* for the present month, which is entitled "The Omnibus," and gives an account of this year's St. Leger. The bard, at opening, tunes his harp by observing that "the year is fast beginning to slant its autumnal slope, and a racing season of anything but a brilliant character is approaching its close." He then "hies forward" to Doncaster, where he tells us that getting lodgings was no easy matter; and he exclaims, "Would that the

greedy geese would take a lesson from York! many was the comparison which floated on the wind, couched in no roseate language." What a pretty euphemism for a volley of oaths! The races are then described in due order. Thirteen out of twenty horses went, we are informed, to the Fitzwilliam post, and "Preston won cleverly from old Bourgeois"—a result at which we can scarcely be surprised when we read afterwards that, during the contest, "Skirmisher opened his mouth like any crocodile, and went four distinct times at Bourgeois." Great but enigmatical praise is awarded to Ignoramus, who "made a fearful example of the white roan colt by Hernandez, and is certainly the finest two-year-old we ever saw." "He carries his saddle almost on his withers, and is far the stoutest and best-grown Dutchman that has been out as yet." The same ambiguity of expression which makes it hard at first to know whether a horse or a man is the subject-matter of discourse, hangs about the description of one of the candidates for the Champagne Stakes, who is designated as "Anton, the fifteen-hundred-guinea youth, and certainly elegance itself." A criticism follows which is almost beyond us. "Vanity is a very elegant Belsay vanity indeed, with quite a Sweetmeat head; and Tasmania was really and truly as long as a town." We have, however, a sort of dim notion what this means; but we will defy any one, unversed in the art, to interpret, at a moment's warning, the exact import of the following account of the general character of the race for the stakes referred to:—"Nat kept very quiet with Typee, while the great rebellion, which soon made a dem'd moist unpleasant body of Saraband, raged at the post, and did not bring her till within a dozen strides from home; and even then he only rode her, and dared not touch her with the whip." This has a puzzling appearance; but perhaps the conduct of the jockey may have been influenced by the extraordinary history of the animal he rode, for we are told subsequently that "Typee is a mare who cannot come again; and she died in Nat's hands both at York and Chester, owing to his challenging too far from home."

The description of the great event of the meeting then begins; but it is not written with the enthusiasm that might have been expected, for it turned out to be a very poor affair.—"a duller St. Leger was never passed in Doncaster." "There were one or two anticipatory whimpers about Victoria, but nothing else seemed even to get a mention." The sporting devotees of the metropolis would have nothing to do with what they knew must be a failure. "The Doncaster dream of 5000 having taken tickets by the special, had faded into 368." First on the list for the principal day came the Municipal Stakes, which also turned out a disappointment, the favourite being withdrawn on account of a bad leg. This, in bardic language, is expressed as follows:—"Zuyderzee was an absentee, thrown up, we believe, out of leg considerations." At last the time was really come for the main race; "and now," says the sporting Ossian, "the nine numbers went up the telegraph, and spectators who knew but little of the game in which merry men delight, looked in vain for Lundyfoot." Then we have a portrait of each of the horses whom the "merry men," whoever they may be, permitted to start—among others, "the sheeted Panmure, with Bates up in front." His illustrious name did not, however, avail the beast, and the triumph of Warlock was "ridiculously easy." Pindar sang hymns in honour of the victors in chariot races, and the poet of the turf feels himself bound to sing the triumph of the owner of the conquering steed. "Warlock's owner is certainly the luckiest of men." But the special reasons why his good fortune claims our admiration present a curious point of contrast between the ancient and modern world, if we call to mind the blessings which Pindar tells us that the gods had showered on the lords of the four-horse cars. The owner of Warlock is to be deemed the most fortunate man in the world, first, because "they say that Fazzolotto and Fly-by-night could give his roan some two stone each," and secondly, "because Palmer sent one of his pressing Rugeley invitations to him last year, when he invited him to settle his betting account!" We presume that the exact point for congratulation is, not that Palmer sent the invitation, but that the owner of Warlock did not accept it. Palmer was undoubtedly a great villain; but we never before knew an instance in which it was taken for granted that a man who had failed to answer a murderer's letters had escaped a violent death.

There is a fresh burst of poetry to celebrate the running for the Cup, although a hint is given, by way of preface, as to the fate of these race-cups, which certainly recalls us to the world of prose. Wise men, we are told, sell them at the earliest opportunity, and they are run for over and over again, "like the sponge-cake rhinoceros from Gunter's, which did duty at eight London wedding breakfasts, to one man's knowledge, till he, with one fell stroke, cut off its head, and exclaimed, as he munched it, 'Goodby, I'm tired of seeing you.'" The cup was won by Richmond, a Yorkshire horse, and "never were the Yorkshiresmen in greater ecstacies." They shouted "Richmond yet," and "Now Richmond lads, another cheer," and so on—and, in short, gave way to the most unmitigated hilarity." A very delicate piece of poetical refinement follows:—"It struck me that their horse was a little big, and he was very damp when he pulled up, which gave great scope to the wielders of the handkerchief." How homely it would have sounded to have said, in place of this, "The horse appeared very hot when the grooms were wiping him down." Considerable eulogy is bestowed on

this perspiring victor. "His hocky quarters have become well rounded, and, taking him all-in-all, he is the very type of a well-knit English stayer." On another horse, who had the ill luck to be vanquished, a compliment is passed which seems even still higher, for it is exactly that which Napoleon paid to the English soldiery. We are told that the owners of a rival "knew that Fandango was anything but a fast horse, and that they could race with him, and beat him for speed on the post, but that it was rather a dangerous game to indulge such a glutton with a pace, as he never knows when he is beaten, not even with 8st 12lbs." Here and there, throughout the narrative, are interspersed many passing criticisms in a similar style. "Mary Copp," we learn, "has thickened amazingly since she heard the hammer fall for 3400 guineas." The writer speaks, in his ardour, as if Mary Copp were a woman, as her name would indicate, and could enjoy the pleasure of thinking she was sold at a high figure. Melissa, again, is "quite the stamp of a raking animal in tiptop condition;" while Longrange, "rather cat-hammed like his father, has none of the power one hoped to see reproduced through the medium of Longbow."

A great poet is naturally a philosopher, and the author of "The Omnibus" displays both magnanimity and good sense in the advice he offers on a subject which had ruffled the serenity of some of his less gifted brethren. At one of the places to which he repaired in his wanderings after the Doncaster races were over, he mentions that "racing propensities had slumbered for some seven years." In the excitement of a renewed passion for the sport, the mayor and committee "got up a stupid and fussy contest with the vicar, because he did not wish to have the bells rung on the occasion." On this, the bard wisely remarks that it does not advance the interests of the turf to "fight for such anise and cummin as bellringing," at the risk of offending neutrals—"to say nothing of the religious world, who fairly hug the memory of Palmer as a blessed type of what all racing men must of necessity be." Perhaps the writer is encouraged in this sober and temperate mood by observing the strange vicissitudes of human things; for he tells us shortly afterwards that "it seemed quite strange the other day, as we walked over Kersall Moor, to find the Grand Stand a Sunday school, and to see the children walk from it to a church which seems built exactly on the site of the late T. Y. C. post." With what a strange conflict of associations this church must be regarded by the mind of the poet, as he wavers between thoughts of the earthly and the heavenly race—of the children of men and the progeny of "Touchstone" and "Iago!" Altogether, we consider our imaginative friend a very pleasant companion and guide over a race-course on paper; and we hope that, as long as races are run in England—which, in spite of the religious world and Palmer's memory, will probably be for some time to come—they may be chronicled with as much graceful skill, and as profound an acquaintance with the art of technical writing, as are displayed by the writer of *The Omnibus*.

REVIEWS.

MEMOIRS OF ST. SIMON.*

THE memoirs of St. Simon were first published in 1829, and have since taken so high a place in the standard literature of France that M. Chéruel has thought it worth his trouble to collate very carefully the original manuscripts, and to publish a new edition with a revised text. This edition, now in course of publication, contains, among other additions, a preface by M. Sainte-Beuve, on the general character of the Memoirs, on the leading incidents of the life of St. Simon, and the more conspicuous qualities of his mind. We cannot be surprised at Frenchmen making much of these wonderful Memoirs, which are without a parallel for extent, minuteness, and liveliness. We may perhaps find many a memoir-writer who has had equal powers of observation, or who has had equally good opportunities of seeing human life in varied and brilliant aspects, or who has been equally able to give an impression of his honesty and genius, and of his superiority to the persons of whom he speaks; but no one can rival St. Simon if we take all his merits together. He combined the advantages of living in a circle small enough to watch closely, and of finding in that circle every remarkable man and woman who was concerned in the government of what was then the first State in the world. He had an insatiable curiosity, a tenacious memory, eyes and ears that drank in every sign of the passions and wishes of his fellow-men, and the gift of at once mixing with men as a companion and scrutinizing them as a philosopher; and, above all, he had an incomparable faculty of silence. From early youth to late old age, he wrote day by day what he had seen, and heard, and thought in his converse with the world. But he wrote in secret—he admitted no one into partnership in his design, and was content to wait till death prevented him from seeing how the world received the fruit of his long labours. The consequence was, that he did not sacrifice truth to vanity or fear. He had

* *Mémoires Complets et Authentiques du Duc de St. Simon, sur le Siècle de Louis XIV. et la Régence.* Collationnés sur le manuscrit original par M. Chéruel, et précédés d'une notice par M. Sainte-Beuve. Tom. i.-iv. Paris: Hachette. 1856.

too much real love of his art not to feel that the writer of memoirs who does not say all that he has to say may minister to the love of gossip among his contemporaries, but is worthless as a source of history to posterity. When a youth, he was captivated by the charming writings of the earlier French writers of memoirs, and he felt that he possessed a native power which might enable him to add another name to the illustrious list. But he estimated rightly the price which the state of society in which he lived compelled him to pay for his ambition. He knew that if he was to be great, he must leave it to posterity to find out his greatness.

The combination of qualities which make a man a good writer of memoirs is necessarily rare, because it is a combination of opposites. The writer must have at once a little mind and a great mind. He must have the inquisitiveness, the love of details, the power of taking interest in what does not concern him, which we generally consider marks of a mean and vulgar spirit; and at the same time, he must have the power of reflecting in the midst of a crowd, the intellectual largeness, the perception of the general bearing of numberless facts apparently unconnected, the appreciation of very different kinds of excellence, and the detestation of very different kinds of vice, which we commonly expect to find only in men of a noble and generous spirit. No writer of memoirs has possessed such a combination of qualities in a greater degree than St. Simon. Let any one open any of his numerous volumes, and he will first be struck with the pointed and piquant style, and the graphic vigour of the descriptions. He will next remark, as he reads further, how wonderfully equal in merit the successive sketches are—how continuous is the power displayed, and how vast the range of the writer's observation. But when he has finished, he will carry away with him, as the last impression, that he has been reading the writings of an honest, incorruptible, far-seeing man. Of course, St. Simon had his faults. We may, without injustice, call him malicious; but then we must understand the precise character of his malice. He saw the wickednesses and follies of his neighbours with unfailing penetration—he exaggerated them—he amused himself with working them into his picture so as to arrest immediate attention. We have no doubt that, when St. Simon blames or ridicules, there might be much to say on the other side, were there any one to say it. But he painted strongly what was bad because he felt strongly about it. His heart burnt within him as he marked the frivolities, the cowardice, and the selfishness of the gay throngs assembled at Versailles. He had that sense of pain—almost like a physical sensation—which some men experience when they see the ungodly "flourishing like a green bay tree." He was naturally of an excitable temperament, very positive in his own opinion, and very ardent in stating and defending it. He relieved himself by confiding all he felt to the trusty secrecy of his memoirs; and when he once began to write, he delighted himself with the exercise of his powers, as all men of great natural gifts are apt to do, and threw a little more strength into his epigrams, and a little more bitterness into his criticism, than truth and justice warranted.

St. Simon was born in 1675. His father had been a favourite at the Court of Louis XIII., and had attained the respectable age of sixty-eight at the date of St. Simon's birth. When in his nineteenth year, the son entered the army, and was present at the battle of Nerwinde. In the following year, 1694, he began his Memoirs, and lived to spend sixty years in continuing, arranging, and retouching them. Even as a young man, he was noted for a kind of antique virtue—for an old-fashioned scrupulousness and probity. He attached himself with the warmth of youthful enthusiasm to the Due de Beauvilliers, the most honest man at court, and wished to marry one of his daughters, without having seen any of them, and asking for no dowry, but merely desiring to have the satisfaction of marrying into a family of the first respectability. Oddly enough, he had also an intimate friendship with the Duke of Orleans, afterwards so famous, or rather infamous, as Regent. Failing in his suit for a daughter of the Due de Beauvilliers, he was attracted by the goodness and honesty of the Marechal de Lorges, a nephew and pupil of Turenne, and succeeded in arranging that the eldest daughter of this excellent man should be his wife. No marriage preceded by the most romantic courtship could have turned out better. The Duchess was one of the most charming and sensible women at court; and the Duke was an affectionate and faithful husband. When the War of the Succession broke out in 1702, he retired from the army, and incurred the King's displeasure by the step. He was not forbidden to come to court, or treated with ostensible coldness when there, but the King gave him and his friends to understand that he was to remain outside the royal circle of intimates, and to hope for none of the good things that fall to the lot of court favourites. He could not have been in a position more advantageous to him as an observer; for he was a courtier without having incurred any obligations to bias his judgment, and without having received any confidences that he was bound to respect. The distance at which the King kept him was increased, or at least maintained undiminished, by the high notions St. Simon entertained of his rank as *duc et pair*. He had indeed one, and only one, theory of politics. He thought that the dignity and influence of the nobility had been lessened to a mischievous extent, and he struggled to restore the importance of his order. But, as he found to his sorrow, it was too late. Richelieu had made a constitutional aristocracy impossible in

France, and had paved the way with irresistible certainty for that tendency to universal equality which, according as education, virtue, and habits of political action are present or absent in the people, takes the form of a republic or a despotism.

On two occasions of his life St. Simon seemed on the verge of attaining a real influence in politics. He was on terms of intimacy with the young Duke of Burgundy, and during the short space of time when the Duke was heir apparent, he had an opportunity, which he did not neglect, of inculcating his political doctrines on the mind of the future King. The premature death of this lamented prince closed for St. Simon this avenue to power. But the Regency opened another, and the Duke of Orleans not only welcomed his old friend, but permitted him to make many suggestions for the conduct of affairs, and adopted some of them. The current, however, of ideas, of tastes, and of events was against him, and although he was a member of the Council of the Regency, he can hardly be said to have had any substantial power. In 1721, he asked, and obtained, the office of Spanish ambassador, which gave him the opportunity of varying his Memoirs by sketches of another Court. After the death of the Regent, in 1723, he received a hint from Fleury that he had better not present himself at Versailles; and he spent the rest of his life in retirement, dying in 1755, and chiefly devoting his time to giving their present shape to his Memoirs. On his death, these Memoirs were in some way or other taken from the care of his family, and impounded by the Government, lest they should be found to contain indiscreet revelations. In 1770, M. de Choiseul, then Minister, lent the manuscript to Mme. du Deffand, who wrote to Horace Walpole to describe the pleasure she found in reading the Memoirs, but said she thought them badly written. Portions were subsequently published, but in a very mutilated form, and at long intervals; and it was not till 1829 that they appeared in a shape permitting the world to judge of their merits. The sensation caused by the first volume was extreme. "It was," says M. Saint-Beuve, "the greatest success since the romances of Walter Scott."

The four volumes before us contain abundant examples of the peculiar kind of excellence which St. Simon attained. They are rich in sketches of character, and in the happiest turns of language. M. Saint-Beuve, in his preface, draws our attention to the sketch given of the President Harlay, as illustrating both St. Simon's power of portrait-painting and his hatred of hypocrisy. As M. Saint-Beuve has also dwelt on these merits in the *Casseries de Lundi*, we will select one or two instances which he has not touched on. Perhaps it would be impossible to find a better one than the few lines (i. 306) in which the previous history of the Marquis de Lassay is sketched as an introduction to the account of his marriage with the natural daughter of the Prince de Condé. We are told that he had married, as his first wife, the daughter of an apothecary, so wise and fair that the Duke of Lorraine had proposed to marry her against her will, but was prevented by the King. Lassay lost her after she had given birth to a son. He was driven wild with grief. "Il se crut dévot," we are then told, "se fit une retraite charmante, joignant les Incurables et y mena quelques années une vie fort édifiante. A la fin il s'en ennuya: il s'aperçut qu'il n'étoit qu'affligé, et que la dévotion passoit avec la douleur." Every word of this adds a touch that makes the whole an exquisite specimen of St. Simon's manner. The irony in *il se crut dévot*—the notice of the charms of the retreat which the unhappy man had, in the midst of his grief, the taste to select—and then the evident enjoyment with which the writer points out that Lassay discovered he was merely afflicted, and that his "devotion ebbed away with his sorrow"—all belong to St. Simon, and tell us of his keen observation, of his amusement at the weaknesses of men, and his malicious wit. Equally good is the description (ii. 54) of Madame d'Aubigné, sister-in-law of Madame de Maintenon:—"C'étoit une créature obscure, plus, s'il se pouvait, que sa naissance, modeste, vertueuse; sotte à merveille, de mine tout à fait basse, d'aucune sorte de mise, et qui embarrassoit également Madame de Maintenon à l'avoir avec elle et à ne l'avoir pas." Was ever a poor relation better described? The picture seems alive, like a portrait by Vandyke or Titian. The good, foolish, humble old soul, so hard to know what to do with, so inoffensive and so unproduceable, stands before us as she stood before the courtiers of Louis XIV.

There is a companion-portrait of the husband (ii. 55) worthy to hang by that of the wife. If Madame de Maintenon was puzzled what to do with her sister-in-law, she was in still greater doubt what to do with her brother—a dissipated, jolly, easy-going man, always plaguing his great sister for pocket-money. At last she disposed of this gentleman by getting him into a retreat kept by a M. Doyen, where religious exercises were strictly enforced, under the direction of some priests of St. Sulpice. D'Aubigné was bribed to live in this atmosphere of respectability by the promise of a handsome allowance. But he took care to let every one know his real feelings:—"M. d'Aubigné ne laisse ignorer à personne que sa sœur se moqua de lui de lui faire accroire qu'il était dévot, qu'on l'assiégoit de prêtres, et qu'on le ferait mourir chez le M. Doyen." But he could not escape—he had as a guardian one of the most stupid priests of St. Sulpice, who followed him everywhere as his shadow, *et qui le desoloit*. No one, St. Simon remarks, of higher stamp would have undertaken such an office as the priest held. "Mais ce Madot n'avoit rien de meilleur à faire, et n'avoit pas l'esprit de s'occuper ni

même de s'ennuyer." What a picture of folly, vanity, and wickedness is this imbecile priest, who had not mind enough either to occupy himself, or even to feel tired of not occupying himself, employed to track the old debauchée as he went on the way to his old haunts, and explain to his old acquaintance that he had not really turned good, but had only been ordered by his sister to be *dévote*.

Many of St. Simon's sketches have not only the value of liveliness and vigour, but are also highly illustrative of the time in which he lived. As an instance, we may refer to the description of the Comtesse de Fürstemburg, (ii. 394.) This lady was the favourite of a certain Cardinal de Fürstemburg, who had, as the scandal went, married her to his nephew, in order to have her conveniently at hand for himself. St. Simon describes her as still retaining, at the age of fifty-two, the remains of beauty—a large, overpowering, bold, imperious woman, but with a polish of manner and a knowledge of the world—leading the Cardinal by the nose, given to the purchase of silks and laces without end, loving only herself, and denying herself nothing—"non pas même," as St. Simon maliciously adds, "des galanteries, que le pauvre Cardinal payoit comme tout le reste." We get a peep here at the other side of Church affairs to that where Bossuet and Fénelon stood conspicuous, and we may take this poor hen-pecked Cardinal as a type of the decorous vice which triumphed in the days of the great King. But indecorous vice also triumphed sometimes, as we may learn from the very curious history of the Abbé de Vatteville. (iii. 344.) This marvel of impudence, villainy, and success, seems scarcely to belong to the days of Louis XIV. It is hardly credible that such a career should have been run in times that we call modern, and countries we call civilized. This Abbé de Vatteville was a monk and a priest; but, pining for secular liberty, he provided himself with money, pistols, and a horse, and meditated an escape. The prior got wind of his intention, came suddenly into his cell, and found him on the point of descending a ladder. De Vatteville shot the prior dead, and went away. Three days afterwards he entered a small inn, and ordered all that the house contained for his dinner. A stranger arrived, and remonstrated at all the viands being engrossed by one guest. De Vatteville shot him dead, too, and then went on with his dinner. Ultimately he got to Turkey, turned renegade, and entered the Turkish army. Distinguishing himself highly, he was appointed to a supreme command in the Morea against the Venetians, and, after some successes, secretly offered to the Venetians to betray to them several strongholds of the Turks if they would obtain for him from the Pope a full pardon for all his sins, exemption from his monastic vows, restoration to his priestly office, and liberty to hold benefices. The Pope, at the request of the Venetians, consented. The treason was accomplished, and De Vatteville went to Rome, and was well received there. He then retired to his native province of Franche-Comté, where he amused himself with plaguing the monks in every way he could devise. For services rendered to the Crown in the second conquest of Franche-Comté, he was appointed Archbishop of Besançon, but the Pope refused to instal him. A compromise was effected, and de Vatteville received in exchange for his archbishopric two rich abbeys. At one of these he lived the rest of his days, hunting, playing, tyrannizing over his tenants and neighbours, and at last died at the age of ninety, *fort crant et respecté*.

Such stories as these show, at least, how strangely the elements of French society were mixed at the end of the seventeenth century. The narratives that throw light on the Court itself, and on the life of Louis XIV. and Madame de Maintenon, are so numerous that no notion can be formed of them except by reading the whole work. These Memoirs are so voluminous that their first appearance is enough to frighten any but the most ardent lover of such writing; but St. Simon is a writer who gains by being read at intervals. His vast succession of persons unknown to us before, crowded on the canvas, and yet each minutely painted, does, in time, weary the mind. Every one who has lionized great picture-galleries knows that it is possible to see too many masterpieces in a day. But if St. Simon is taken up occasionally, and read slowly enough to permit a study of his half-hidden excellencies, no one who loves the painting of the pen can fail to receive the highest delight from the work of this admirable artist.

THE ANGEL IN THE HOUSE.*

MR. COVENTRY PATMORE, who is known to be the author of the *Angel in the House*, although his name is not on the title-page, is a true poet. His minute observations of feeling and character are not the result of cold analysis, but of a sensitive and fanciful sympathy, which divines and reproduces the more delicate shades of emotion, instead of enumerating them in a scientific catalogue. His language—the most infallible test of poetic aptitude—occasionally displays the curious felicity and musical flow which no amount of study can produce. It may even be said that Mr. Patmore's faults as an artist are deliberate and wilful, while the happier proofs of his genius are easy, natural, and spontaneous. The *Angel in the House* is open to criticism, and may be said to provoke it; but it would be unjust to dilate on its defects, either of plan or execution, without a preliminary

* *The Angel in the House*. Vol. I. *The Betrothal*—Vol. II. *The Espousals*. London: John W. Parker and Son.

nary recognition of the genuine merit of the work. Among the hundred verse-writers of the day, very few have ever passed the boundaries which separate cleverness from genius. After Mr. Tennyson and Mr. Browning, no living English author can claim, with better right than Mr. Patmore, the rare title of a poet. A page or a single line, which shows the hand of the master, retains its value, notwithstanding the incumbrance of whole volumes of faults and unsuccessful attempts.

The *Angel in the House* contains many beautiful passages, and the scheme of the whole is not without merit; but the more prominent defects of the composition are apparently regarded with peculiar predilection by the poet. The pleasure of repelling commonplace readers is dearly purchased at the cost of convincing competent judges that the popular objections to an author are well founded. Artists ought steadily to resist the temptation of paradox, for the unpleasant jar occasioned by a wilful violation of current tastes or prejudices is inconsistent with the enjoyment which poets and painters are bound to communicate. The duty of counteracting prevalent fallacies must be left to critics, and deliberate innovations in style or language betray a diversion of thought from the business of the stage, and an inappropriate reminiscence of the audience.

Mr. Patmore appears to have reflected much upon his art; but further study will satisfy him that the knowledge which he has accumulated ought to display itself only in its results. The machinery of life should, as far as possible, be kept out of sight. Even clocks made with transparent cases to exhibit the works, are rejected by judicious purchasers, and the works of an imaginative composition form a far more unseemly exhibition. A fictitious production ought to conceal its artificial character, and to imitate nature by assuming its actuality as well as by copying its forms. The *Angel in the House* is a story within a story—the outer narrative being merely the record of the supposed origin of the principal fiction. There is nothing more prosaic, however, than the employment of an author, when it is regarded from without. Special pleaders lay down the doctrine that there cannot be a demur or a demurrer; and it is not less universally true that there cannot be a poem on a poem. A certain Lord Vaughan is supposed by the writer to be discussing with his wife the best road to poetical fame—a question in the highest degree interesting to authors, but altogether impertinent when forced on the attention of readers. The lines in which the discovery of the secret is announced, though by no means faultless, are good enough to deserve a happier application; and they will tend to explain the plan of the poem:—

Not careless of the gift of song,
Nor out of love with noble fame,
I, meditating much and long
What I should say, how win a name,
Considering well what theme unsung,
What reason worth the cost of rhyme,
Remains to loose the poet's tongue
In these last days, the dregs of time,
Learn that to me, though born so late,
There does beyond desert befall
(May my great fortune make me great)
The first of themes, sung last of all.
In green and undiscovered ground,
Yet near where many others sing,
I have the very well-head found
Where gushes the Pierian spring.
Then she—“What is it, dear, the Life
Of Arthur, or Jerusalem’s Fall?”
‘Neither—your gentle self, my wife,
Yourself, and love that’s all in all.’

The poem accordingly purports to be the history of their happy courtship, which was recorded in the *Betrothal*, published two years ago, and which is now followed by the *Espousals*, or their not less happy marriage. The poet repeatedly interrupts himself to remind his audience of the originality of his subject; and at the beginning of his new volume, he announces that it is too late to sing of war, and that he is dealing with a newer and worthier topic:—

But men await the tale of love,
And weary of the tale of Troy.

The old repartee should be a warning to those who hope to be remembered when Homer is forgotten; and assuredly the preference of love to arms has been abundantly dwelt on by poets. Horace often professed to introduce the same novelty; and the avowal of his predilection was translated or copied from Alceus, who may have imitated the innovations of some earlier poet. In another peculiarity, Mr. Patmore may lay claim to more entire originality. No Greek or Roman poet ever described in his second book the impression produced by the criticisms of journalists on the first. At the beginning of the *Espousals*, the post-boy comes in laden with reviews of the *Betrothal*:—

A letter from the Laureate thrilled
Her voice that read it; but the Press
Daily and weekly death-notes tolled.

If the author will accept friendly, though perhaps suspicious, advice, he will not take the opportunity, in the third part of his poem, to criticise the present criticism.

The real novelty of the subject consists in the exclusive delineation of perfectly smooth and happy love, uninterrupted by doubt, by jealousy, or by outward circumstances. The purpose of the *Angel in the House* is not to illustrate the relation of lovers to the world, but to represent the minutest details of the feeling which unites them. The treatment of the subject is more

original than the selection of the topic; and the apparent monotony of uniform felicity is relieved by a curious accuracy of imaginative observation. The key-note of the poem may probably be found in the *In Memoriam*. That profound history of sorrow may have suggested the possibility of subjecting happiness, in its turn, to poetical analysis. The less complete artist, however, appeals to a far more limited audience than his predecessor. Mr. Tennyson's great elegy commands the sympathies of thousands who have neither capacity nor inclination to understand the whole of his meaning; whilst Mr. Patmore appeals to lovers, to professed students of poetry, and to those who have leisure and ingenuity to decipher fanciful enigmas. His puzzles, and paradoxes, and revelations of exceptional feeling neither invite nor attract general popularity. Those who can appreciate the *Angel in the House* may reward themselves by the well-founded consciousness that their literary taste and moral perception are in some degree above the average.

For some reason, which it would be more curious than profitable to investigate, the poem is distributed into various classes and subdivisions, some of which are decorated with fantastical titles, such as "Accompaniments," and "Sentences"—corresponding, probably, to some theory of the writer's, which is fortunately not shared by the reader. Nothing can be more irrelevant to a poem than the aesthetical doctrines of the poet. Each part of the composition ought to convey its own meaning, without a legend—such as, "This is a red lion"—to explain it. Mr. Patmore's explanatory appendages somewhat resemble the illegible scrolls which encircle the compartments of modern mediæval windows with texts and mottoes decipherable only by antiquarians. If half-a-dozen stanzas form an accompaniment to an idyl, they ought to content themselves with accompanying it. It is a great achievement to succeed in

Arousing these song-sleeping times
With rhapsodies of perfect words
Ruled by returning kiss of rhymes;

but the faculty of poetical expression which is shown in the description of the writer's object of ambition is wasted in proclaiming it to the world.

The Idyls, or narrative parts of the poem, are often graceful, and sometimes graphic; but it is a hopeless and useless experiment to string together trifling commonplaces in rhyme. When lovers go out for a drive, the carriage and the bonnet must be taken for granted. The details scarcely require to be embalmed in verse:—

Then, light shawls donned with help, we drove
To Wilton; there discussed again,
Till all at last agreed to approve
The Lombard Church; then toward the Plain
We past my house (remarked with praise
By the others, and she acquiesced),
And leaving the old and lazy greys
Below the hill, we walked the rest.

The only excuse for doggrel of this kind is, that it serves as a foil to a thoughtful and feeling passage which it introduces:—

How cognate with the flattered air,
How native to the earth, her throne,
She moved; how feeling and how fair,
For others' pleasure and her own!
But, ah! the heaven of her face!
How, when she laughed, I seemed to see
The gladness of the primal grace;
And how, when grave, its dignity!
Of all she was, the least not less
Delighted the devoted eye.
No fold or fashion of her dress
Her dearness did not sanctify.
Better it seemed, as now, to walk,
And humbly by her gentle side
To observe her smile and hear her talk,
Than call the world's next-best my bride.
I could not else than grieve. What cause?
Was I not blest? was she not there?
Likely my own? Ah! that it was;
How like seemed "likely" to despair.

There is an awkwardness in the last line but one; but the picture of a lover wilfully affecting insecurity because he feels himself secure, is one of those touches of nature which poets are quickest to perceive, and are exclusively authorized to describe. An extract inadequately represents the prodigal and imaginative ingenuity which Mr. Patmore has displayed in depicting the most transient phases of the passion which is his subject. Even his riddles and paradoxes often correspond to the more complicated moods of feeling. The young may perhaps be induced by sympathy to study all his hard sayings, and they will find that none of them are without a meaning. A happily-expressed description of a quiet home, if less exciting, may be more generally appreciated:—

And pleased, we talked the old days o'er,
And, parting, I for pleasure sighed.
To be there as a friend, since more,
Seemed then, seemed now, excuse for pride;
For something that abode endued
With temple-like repose—an air
Of life's kind purposes pursued
With ordered freedom sweet and fair.
A tent pitched in the world not right
It seemed, whose inmates every one
On tranquil faces bore the light
Of duties beautifully done,
And humbly, though they had few peers,
Kept their own laws, which seemed to be
The fair sum of six thousand years'
Traditions of civility.

The continuation of the poem, called *The Esposals*, resembles in all respects the earlier publication. "The press, daily and weekly," appear to have exercised no influence on Mr. Patmore's judgment, unless the avoidance of certain useless irregularities of metre may be attributed to the suggestions of critics. We must observe, however, that the smooth and easy eight-syllable metre especially requires polish and condensation. The poet who boasts truly, if not judiciously, that he is "diligent in all his rhymes the truth with truest phrase to fit," ought not to content himself with an anapest when an iambus might be found by searching; and still less should he acquiesce in awkward inversions, alien to the English idiom. "Of such a lady proud's the lord," and "flattered answers he," are phrases which sound like unskilful translations from some foreign language.

In some of the more thoughtful portions of the poem, there is a quaintness of conceit which recalls the style of Herbert or Donne, though the likeness probably arises rather from similarity of procedure than from conscious imitation. A close and subtle discernment of complicated moods and feelings naturally expresses itself in enigmatic phrases and far-fetched similes, and the surprise excited by the ingenuity of the poet fixes attention on the precise meaning which he attempts to convey. The result may not belong to the highest form of art; but it is perfectly consistent with the principles of poetry, or, in other words, with the laws of thought.

The most successful parts of the poem are perhaps neither the abstruser reflections nor the prose-like narrative. The description of the first interview between the lovers of the story, after the proposal and acceptance, belongs to an intermediate class:—

She entered, like a morning rose
Ruffled with rain, and made me blush.
Her crown once more was on her brows;
And with a faint, indignant flush,
And fainter smile, she gave her hand,
But not her eyes—then sat apart,
As if she would have me understand
The honour of her vanquished heart.
But I drew humbly to her side;
And she, well pleased, perceiving me
Abashed again before the pride
Of her unconscious majesty,
Once and for all put it away;
The faint flush passed; and thereupon,
Her loveliness, which rather lay
In light than colour, smiled and shone,
Till sick was all my soul with bliss:
Or was it with remorse and ire,
That grace so worshipful as this
Should not have set its heaven higher?

In a subsequent passage, an ingenious and happy simile is introduced:—

With her, as with a desperate town,
Too weak to stand, too proud to treat,
The conqueror, though the walls are down,
Has still to capture street by street.

It would be very easy to point out the distinction between the *Angel in the House* and the classes of composition to which it does not belong. It is not epic—it is not dramatic—nor, in any elevated sense, lyric. It deals not with individual character, but with human nature under a particular influence. There may be many persons who will neither take an interest in the subject, nor approve of the mode in which it is treated. Others, knowing that poetical power is the rarest of intellectual gifts, will not be inclined to judge too harshly of any form in which it may be manifested. The *Angel in the House* deserves to be read and remembered, not because it is exempt from faults, but because it is unmistakeably the production of a poet.

THE THEORY AND PRACTICE OF BANKING.*

WE had thought, before we read this book, that a slight familiarity with mathematical and physical science could not possibly be injurious to the mind of any man. We had hitherto venerated the names of Bacon and Newton. We did not perhaps believe that those worthies really effected all that our national vanity ascribes to them; but, on the other hand, we were totally unaware that a barrister of the Inner Temple, possessed with an insatiable ambition to follow in their steps, was engaged in treating political economy "on the most rigid principles of inductive science." A Fellow of the Cambridge Philosophical Society—who, perhaps, had once a place in the Cambridge Mathematical Tripos—undertakes to expound the laws of banking on "the Baconian method." Really the reputation of the University, robust though it be, will scarcely bear this. It was only last session that Mr. Bouvier made his speech—and now comes Mr. Macleod, and publishes his book. "The army of Bacon has gone forth conquering and to conquer;" and in that army, a lawyer—troubled, we suppose, with too much leisure—has, most unfortunately for his own fame, volunteered to serve. "No writer," he tells us, "has hitherto attempted the task" he so valiantly assumes. To perform it successfully, one must, it seems, "understand the spirit and genius of the inductive philosophy"—that is, we suppose, one must have read, though not, it seems, have comprehended, the work of Dr. Whewell there-

* *The Theory and Practice of Banking: with the Elementary Principles of Currency, Prices, Credit, and Exchanges.* By Henry Dunning Macleod, Esq., of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-law, Fellow of the Cambridge Philosophical Society. In 2 vols. London: Longman and Co. 1855-6.

upon—and one must also “have the minutest practical knowledge of the details of business,” which, of course, could not be more thoroughly acquired than in the direction of the Royal British Bank.

In his own opinion, Mr. Macleod, the political economist, is as far above Adam Smith and Ricardo as Newton, the astronomer, was above Ptolemy. Even if every word this gentleman has written were sound sense and clear argument, his monstrous arrogance would hinder the acceptance of his theories. It happens, however, that, throughout a lengthy and tedious work, whatever is original is either incorrect or useless. Let us take, for example, the passage of the second volume which is intended to prove that “monetary science bears the closest and most remarkable analogy to mechanics.” The analogy, it appears, consists in this—that we know nothing of what causes a “change in motion;” and Mr. Macleod can tell us nothing, or nothing worth knowing, of what causes a “change in price.” An ordinary person thinks that one billiard-ball, striking another, causes it to move; but the highest philosophers are now of opinion that there is nothing more obscure, or wrapped in more impenetrable mystery, than this motion of billiard-balls. Certainly the art of banking, as well as the billiard-table, has its mysteries, and so Mr. Macleod’s analogy, after all, may be closer than we had thought. But let us listen to “the highest philosophers,” who are telling us that “there are certain intervening principles or properties of which we know nothing certain, and by and through the agency of these principles the same causes uniformly produce the same effects.” We wonder whether Mr. Macleod was ever examined in elementary mechanics at Cambridge; and if so, whether he favoured the Moderators with this specimen of the revelations of the supreme philosophy? He goes on to inform us that the one billiard-ball does not touch the other at all. To say that it does is to use a phrase “partly inaccurate, and partly elliptical.” But when the ball in motion approaches within a certain distance of the other, “the action of certain natural principles is excited,” and when we say that the scarcity of an article causes a rise in price, “the expression is elliptical in precisely a similar manner.” Herein, as we understand, consists the close and remarkable analogy which Mr. Macleod claims the honour of having pointed out. It is not the actual scarcity which causes the price to rise, but “the scarcity, acting upon certain intervening principles of human nature, causes the change in price.” And these principles, too, are known. In mechanics—the science of Newton—the corresponding principles are “wrapped in impenetrable mystery;” but in monetary science, Macleod—who is greater than Newton—has discovered them, and they are five in number. We cannot quote them all, but the third is, “that the scarcity of an article which is sought after will enable people to demand a higher price than usual for what they have to sell.” Now, suppose we were called upon to explain how it is that two and two make four, and were to answer, under the guidance of “the highest philosophers,” that this phenomenon depended “upon certain intervening principles”—one of which was, that if two were added to two, people would find that they had four—we should be doing exactly as much as is done by Mr. Macleod. Yet we fear that in the Cambridge Senate-house, our answer might be considered evasive.

If Mr. Macleod is to be admitted into “the conquering army of Bacon” at all, he certainly is only fit to do service with the waggon-train. He can carry a heavy load of facts carefully and safely, and as he advances with his ponderous compilation in two volumes, we are irresistibly reminded of a humble but useful quadruped stooping between two burthens. Not, however, that Mr. Macleod is ever humble. On the contrary, he is always extolling himself above Mr. McCulloch and Mr. John Stuart Mill, neither of whom, he says, “has any practical knowledge of what they write about,”—which is certainly true, if it means, as it probably does, that neither of these writers assisted in the recent foundation of that “sound banking system” of which Mr. Macleod somewhat prematurely boasts. Nor is it only in right of his own experience that this author treats his predecessors with so much scorn. Not only have they borne no part in establishing in London “the Scottish system of banking on a much larger scale,” but they possess no logical faculty at all—they labour under a perpetual confusion of thought and language, and are utterly insensible of the importance of starting with correct definitions and clearly marked ideas. He charges them with a mischievous blunder in supposing that “circulating medium” means that which itself circulates, and not—as he says it does—that which causes commodities to circulate. But if this be a blunder, Mr. Macleod himself helps to perpetuate it, for he constantly uses the two expressions “circulating medium” and “currency” as synonymous—whereas, whatever may be the truth as to the former term, the latter evidently must have a neuter and not an active sense. “Circulating medium” may possibly mean that which makes other things circulate, but it is manifest that “currency” cannot mean that which makes other things run round.

The thirteenth chapter of Mr. Macleod’s book contains his “Observations on the Bank Act of 1844.” Here he appears no longer as the statist or the historian, but favours the world with his own theories. We cannot think that his reputation will profit by the change of character. It will be remembered that, under the existing system, the Bank of England issues 14,000,000*l.* of notes against securities, and, beyond

that amount, can only issue in exchange for gold. Mr. Macleod is exceedingly severe upon the authors of this arrangement, which he calls “rank Lawism.” Their theory, he says, was this—that “the quantity of notes in circulation should always be exactly equal in amount to the coin which would exist if there were no bank-notes.” And he charges the framers of the Act with “tremendous blunder,” because “no less than 14,000,000*l.*—the notes issued against the public debt and securities—are over and above what would have been in circulation under a metallic currency.” Now, whether the views of the authors of the Act were or were not sound, is nothing to our present purpose. We only desire to show how completely this writer has mistaken their very plain and obvious intention. Let us suppose bank-notes to be entirely unknown, and the currency to be exclusively metallic, and that the amount of this currency varied from 20,000,000*l.* to 30,000,000*l.* as gold flowed from and to the country. The authors of the Act said that the existing mixed currency of gold and notes ought to vary in amount in exactly the same degree, and that if, under a pure metallic currency, the amount at any given time would be, for example, 25,000,000*l.*, that ought to be the amount under the existing mixed currency. In other words, in addition to the 14,000,000*l.* of notes allowed to be issued against securities, there ought to be in circulation 11,000,000*l.* and no more, either of gold or of notes actually representing gold. The 14,000,000*l.*, therefore, is not “over and above” the amount which would have been in circulation under a metallic currency, but is a part of that amount.

Nor need the framers of the Act be at all disturbed at the “fundamental philosophical fallacy” of this plan of allowing 14,000,000*l.* of notes to be issued by the Bank against securities. Even were it true that, if the principle of this issue were carried out to its full extent, it would authorize an unlimited creation of paper money, it would be enough to reply that, like many other principles of English policy, it has been, and is likely to be, carried only a very little way. Supposing, again, the currency to be metallic, there is no doubt that, under any conceivable fluctuations, a certain amount of gold must always remain in the country; and for this amount, whatever it may be, it is plain that paper, or any other substitute for gold, might be adopted without danger or inconvenience. So far as the internal transactions of a country are concerned, it matters not of what material its currency consists, and it is only in relation to other countries that it becomes necessary to employ a currency of intrinsic value. Now, it was thought in 1844 that at least 14,000,000*l.* of currency would always be required by the country for domestic purposes, and that, to that extent, paper might be substituted for gold with convenience and economy, and without prejudice to those variations of the total amount of currency which the Act was intended to ensure. It is, of course, another question, whether the limit of 14,000,000*l.* was judiciously selected, and whether it might not at some future time be prudent to extend it. These points of detail may deserve attention, but the danger which lurks in the principle of the issue disturbs us little. To act upon that principle fully and unreservedly might be ruinous, and yet to act upon it within certain well-marked limits may be perfectly safe and highly convenient.

Mr. Macleod considers the Act of 1844 to be imperfect; and he proposes to attain the object of that measure by legally fixing the rate of discount. He would abolish the law which forbids the Bank to issue notes beyond 14,000,000*l.*, except in exchange for gold; and, in place of this restriction, he desires to enact that when the bullion in the Bank stands at 20,000,000*l.*, the rate of discount shall be $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.—that when the bullion has fallen to 6,000,000*l.*, it shall be 16 per cent.—and that, between these extremes, the rate of discount shall rise as the bullion falls, according to a scale to be fixed by Act of Parliament. We cannot well imagine a more preposterous proposal. It may be quite true that in 1847 the Directors delayed too long to raise the rate of discount, and were at length obliged to do suddenly and violently what they might and ought to have done by early and gentle steps. Wherever discretion is given, it is liable to be abused; but it by no means follows that the discretion ought to be entirely taken away. We cannot understand how the Bank Direction, if thus reduced to a mere machine, could continue to take the part it has taken in the commercial transactions of the country. While the Directors cannot watch too carefully the fluctuation of the bullion in their coffers, and will in general act wisely in raising their rate of discount as the bullion falls, they must not disregard attendant circumstances. The season of the year, the prospects of trade and agriculture, and the monetary position of other countries, must all be elements in their calculations. We would urge as strongly as anybody the necessity of prudence and promptitude, and of the resolution to face difficulty at once, instead of aggravating a crisis by vainly endeavouring to stave it off; but some latitude must be given to the Bank. Mr. Macleod himself admits that the Act, however imperfect he may deem it, did render essential service in the unparalleled trials of 1847; and until he can suggest some modification much more evidently advantageous than that which he has now proposed, we shall be content to leave the Act untouched. We believe that, if the Bank of England is to continue to be what its name implies, a large measure of discretion must be allowed to the Directors; and we can only hope that the prudent counsels which have pre-

vailed since 1847 may long maintain their influence in the deliberations of the Bank Parlour.

But Mr. Macleod's scheme is liable to another objection, which we should have thought a writer who boasts so much both of his theoretical knowledge and of his practical experience could not have failed to see. His proposal is, that the Act of 1844 shall be repealed—the separation of the issue and banking departments of course abolished—and the Bank restored to the power which it possessed in former times, of making unlimited issues of paper money, subject to the single restriction that the rate of discount to be charged on loans shall be regulated according to a scale to be fixed by law. But can this writer really suppose that such a measure would afford a better security than we now have, or any security at all, for the convertibility of the note? We are amazed at the arrogance and folly of the man who can bid all statesmen and political economists stand aside while he proounds to the expectant world a plan which really does not deserve one moment's serious consideration. No doubt, if a trader knows that he must repay a loan, he will be shy of borrowing at 10 or 15 per cent. interest; but if his creditor is bound always to be ready with fresh advances, to any amount he may choose to ask for, it really matters not whether he agrees to pay 10, 15, or 100 per cent. interest. Let any one just imagine what the consequences would have been if, during the first nine months of 1847, the Bank had advanced money without stint to everybody who was willing to submit to a discount of 8 or 10 per cent. It could, of course, make no difference to insolvent houses what interest was charged to them on a principal which they could not have the slightest prospect of repaying. If the Bank had been always ready to make advances, the drain of gold must have gone on unchecked until not an ounce remained. Mr. Macleod will, perhaps, tell us that he would trust to the discretion of the Bank to discount none but good commercial bills, as was stated by the Directors to be their rule during the suspension of cash payments in the French war. But the whole drift of this portion of his work is to prove that the discretion of the Bank Directors was tried and found wanting in 1847, and he undertakes to supply us with a method simple and certain, applicable under all contingencies, and substituting for the weakness of man the iron strength of law. And what is this wonderful invention by which the Bank of England is at last to be established as on a rock? It is that the Bank shall issue notes without limit—lend them to anybody, on any or no security—and need care nothing about ever seeing the principal again, so that it insists upon high interest. The country has not yet, however, entirely forgotten the bitter lessons which led to the passing of the existing law; and, though that law may not be perfect, it will be maintained until some wiser head than Mr. Macleod can devise an improvement on it.

EINKEHR UND UMKEHR.*

RESEMBLING us in so many particulars as the German people do, we have only to glance over their novels and compare them with those which proceed from our own press, to perceive that great and striking differences exist between the customs, manners, and modes of thought of the English and German nations. We are, of course, alluding now to novels that portray, faithfully and without exaggeration, the social and domestic life of the middle and higher classes of each country. And though it would be scarcely fair to judge of a people solely from the pictures given of them by their writers of fiction, we may form a pretty accurate idea of their more general characteristics by means of the light literature which is most in vogue among them. Tried by this standard, what a lamentable picture is presented to us of the French nation, for instance. No one who is acquainted with the sort of fictions which enjoy the largest measure of popularity in France will, we think, dispute the truth of this assertion; and all who are aware of the evil consequences which ensue from feeding upon such mental poison, will feel thankful that our literature has not yet fallen to the same level, and that we fail to supply our novel writers with such subjects as those which form the materials of Eugène Sue's or Paul de Kock's works. Not that we have any reason to make a pharisaical boast of our superior excellence; for our novel literature is still very far from what it ought to be, and from what we hope it will one day become. False views of life, false notions of duty, exhibitions of spurious sentimentalism, a creed of demoralising conventionalism, an undisguised love and reverence of money for money's sake, a want of freshness and simplicity, a cowardly fear of calling things by their right names, a real though veiled upholding of humbugs of all descriptions, kindness and blindness to faults committed by "rank and fashion"—who will say that these and a hundred other sins of omission and commission are not visible in the novels which pour, in an ever-flowing stream, from our press? Still, there can be no doubt that English novels rank higher in point of morality than those which our neighbours produce, and we rejoice to believe that there are increasing signs among us of a wish to give a still better tone to this important branch of our literature.

Very different in character from either French or English novels are those which we meet with in Germany. A large number of them—those of the Countess Hahn-Hahn, for

example—are characterised by sickly sentiment and low morality. Others—such as that most remarkable novel, *Eritis sicut Deus*, which produced such a sensation throughout Germany when it first made its appearance, some two years ago—are made the vehicle of philosophical doctrines, and are devoted to the discussion of questions which most nearly touch the highest and dearest interests of man. Others, again, are mere vagaries of the imagination, reflecting nothing either on earth or in heaven. And lastly, there are some which, like the novel before us, portray domestic scenes, and do not attempt to travel beyond the region of the real and the near. A thoroughly healthy tone is one of the characteristics of Herr Hammer's *Einkehr und Umkehr*. His characters are natural and life-like, though scarcely individualised enough, and he crowds his canvas so much that he sometimes fails to interest us in many of his personages. Indeed, we cannot help wondering why some of them are introduced at all—so little effect have they upon the story, and so little are they mixed up with either the principal or the minor incidents. Yet is it not so in real life? How many persons have we not encountered whom at first we imagined likely to exercise an influence of no common kind upon us, and yet who afterwards disappeared without leaving a trace behind them! But if Herr Hammer's story is true to life in this respect, the same thing can scarcely be said of his plot, in which the different characters are brought together and separated in the most improbable manner; whilst nothing happens to them but what is *d'après*, and from first to last the course of true love runs smoothly between the many *Brauts* and *Brautigams* to whom he introduces us. Franziska, the heroine of the story, is his most successful sketch. A good, pure-minded, energetic, affectionate, industrious *mädchen*—she is one who cannot fail to interest all who make acquaintance with her. In the opening of the story, we find her supporting her mother by needle-work, Madame Wohlmann's husband having deserted her some years before, for no other reason, that we can discover, than his having fallen into debt. One day, when Franziska goes to Dresden to take some embroidery to a Madame Ballroth—a lady who was in the habit of employing her—she is seen by a certain Arthur von Ringsheim, who then and there falls in love with her. Not long afterwards, Arthur manages to become acquainted with Madame Wohlmann, and loses no time in telling Franziska that he loves her:—

"What shall I, what can I say to you?" he suddenly exclaimed, with a passionate gesture. "Say it I must, sooner or later; then why not to-day? Why not at this very moment?"

"My God!" she whispered, while she let him press her hand to his breast.

"Our God!" Arthur exclaimed. "Will you trust me, Franziska? Will you believe me?"

A large tear rolled down her cheek.

"Franziska, will you believe me? will you trust in my love?"

Trembling, she drew away her hand from him for a moment, then of her own accord she gave it to him again.

She tried to speak, and could not. He asked her, in a gentle voice, if he had distressed her. She shook her head, her beautiful head—then she smiled.

He held her to himself. "My Franziska. May I call you so?"

"Do you really love so much?" at last she said; and he clasped her still more closely to his heart.

"Mine, mine!" he cried out, in his ecstasy.

She responded to his embrace. She smiled and wept; then she withdrew herself from him only that he might fold her afresh in his arms.

"I do not know your Christian name," she said. Then—"Is it right to be betrothed so suddenly?"

He told her what he was called.

"Arthur! Arthur! is there nothing wrong?" she repeated to herself; then, smiling and shaking her head, she answered her own question.

Side by side they stood in silence a long time, till at last Arthur looked down and saw that Franziska's eyes were full of tears.

"What is the matter, Franziska?" he said.

She folded her hands, and burst into tears.

"I cannot help it," she exclaimed, breathing with difficulty. "Oh, forgive me, but I feel as if I had gone far, far away, into a strange land."

"You will soon be calm, dear child," he answered. "See! with what gracious eyes the lovely world looks on us and blesses us. Listen to the song of the birds in the valley below, how they celebrate our love and our sacred betrothal. Nothing now shall separate us any more."

"I believe you, Arthur," she said; then she bent herself caressingly towards him and stroked his dark-brown hair away from his forehead. "Oh, Arthur, what a change! How my whole life is altered now! Come, let us go into the garden. I feel as if in one moment it had become more beautiful than ever."

With quick step, like playful children, they hastened under the trees.

We own to a little liking for Franziska's frank simplicity, a quality which we heartily wish were more common among Englishwomen than we venture to believe it is. To us it seems that there is nothing unfeminine, nothing that betrays a want of delicacy and refinement, in Franziska's conduct. She feels that she loves with her whole heart, and that Arthur is worthy of her affection—so she conceals nothing from him. The sequel of the story shows that she judged rightly in not obeying the stereotyped maxim, that a woman ought never to let her lover know how much she loves him, because—and can anything be more pitiful than the reason, or more dishonouring to the man?—if he knows the extent of his power it may tempt him, forsooth, to abuse it.

We will not destroy the reader's interest in Herr Hammer's story by entering into any further details. Suffice it to say, that Madame Wohlmann's husband is restored to her—that her two sons, Theodore and Arnold, are all that a mother could desire—and that, ere the story ends, all the good people are rewarded, and the bad effectively disposed of. *Einkehr und Umkehr* is not, it must be confessed, a novel of the very highest class. It is unartistic, and sometimes uninteresting; but we welcome its appearance because of the pleasant insight it gives into the fresh,

* *Einkehr und Umkehr*. Roman von Julius Hammer. Leipzig. 1856.

simple, genuine nature of the German people, and because it shows how much there is to love as well as to respect about them. In addition to this, there are evidences of thought and care throughout the whole composition, and page after page contains something suggestive and calculated to interest and instruct the reader. Here is a specimen, taken from a conversation between Birkig, an "advocat," Theodore Wohlmann, and Herr Luppia, the "director" of a theatre. The director is speaking of the difficulties which stand in the way of an artist's attaining a right position, and of one obstacle in particular, which will always prevent him from occupying any but a certain exceptional *status* :—

"And what may the hindrance be?" asked Birkig, anxiously.
"It is something that does not consist in any outward circumstances or relations, but rather in the essence, so to speak, of the art itself."

"How can that be?" said Theodore, in a somewhat incredulous tone.
"Surely there can be nothing in the essence of an art which we can have any right to blame or reproach? If there be anything faulty, it must be the fruit of some prejudice or other, which, by the laws of reason, will sooner or later fade away and die."

"Explain this mysterious something," said the Advocate.

"Every other artist," said the Director, "occupies himself with a dead material, which he animates in order to convert it into a work of art; the sculptor has his marble, the painter his colours, the musician his gamut, the poet, language. In the quiet atelier or in the study, he imparts his own subjectivity to the creation, which, when it is finished, he presents to the world, and his work is thus separated from his person in order to make its own way independently of him. Now you must not forget that the actor occupies no such favourable position; the material, by means of which he brings his art creation before the world, is his own living personality."

"The orator is in the same position whether he stand upon the tribune or in the pulpit," Theodore hastily exclaimed.

"Only with this great difference," he answered slowly, and with marked emphasis, "that the orator does not represent anything lying beyond himself, anything foreign to himself, but, on the contrary, simply delivers a personal communication such as he might make equally well in a social circle gathered round a tea-table. . . . But the actor has to give the image of an image; he must transport himself into a foreign organism with all its associations and characteristics, not merely spiritually, like the painter or the poet, but bodily; and here we have arrived at the point at which I was aiming. The public regard with a dubious eye a person who is obliged to give his own self as material from which to construct a work of art, and it mistrusts a personality which is daily constrained to transform itself into another being. Not every one—perhaps, indeed, only a few—rightly understand the grounds of such mistrust; but that it is felt is clearly shown in the remark which we hear over and over again, that the continual representation of different characters must in the long run be injurious to the character of those who personate them."

"And are you of the same opinion?" inquired the Advocate.

The director was silent for a moment, while a sorrowful expression diffused itself over his countenance. Then he said,—

"The habit of appearing that which we are not obtains, there is no doubt, a fearful power over us, and leads to a hard struggle. He who is victorious—"

"Deserves the name of a hero," exclaimed Theodore, while he seized the hand of the Director, who cordially returned the pressure.

Discussions of this description are interspersed throughout the book, and it is in them that the greatest merit of Herr Hammer's work consists. We heartily wish that subjects similar to that which forms the basis of the conversation we have quoted could be often introduced into English novels; but to treat them well, and in such a way as to interest the teacher and half-unconsciously convey instruction, would demand such an expenditure of time, and such an amount of careful, earnest, patient thought and study, as we fear it is in vain to hope for as yet from the majority of English novelists.

BECKWOURTH'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.*

JAMES P. BECKWOURTH, Mountaineer, Scout, and Pioneer, is, or was, a native of Virginia, where he was born in 1798. He passed his boyhood and youth at St. Louis, Missouri, whither his family removed in 1806. In those days, St. Louis was a border town on the debateable ground between savage life and civilization, its population consisting of a few hundred trappers and dealers in furs and articles for the Indian trade. The settlers sold the red men gunpowder, blankets, and spirits; and, surrounded by wily and relentless enemies, they by degrees fell into and practised all the cunning and savagery of Indian warfare. Their settlements were defended by a system of blockhouses, whither, on an alarm, all the non-combatants repaired for protection. Young Jim Beckwourth, when scarcely eleven, stumbled over the bleeding bodies of a neighbour's family, within five minutes after they had been scalped by the Indians, who, pursued by the settlers, were dispersed with the loss of eighteen scalps. Such was life at St. Louis in 1809!

At the age of 19, Beckwourth was apprenticed to a blacksmith. He quarrelled with his master, fought him, and then ran away. His father, suspecting that he wanted steadiness, gave him good advice, a horse, and three hundred dollars, and advised him to "hunt his luck." He entered upon that career by accepting an engagement as hunter to an embassy, proceeding up the Fever River for the purpose of making a treaty with the Sac Indians. The treaty concluded, the young hunter made a trip to New Orleans, where he was laid up with fever. His next engagement was with General Ashley's "Rocky Mountain Fur Company," which consisted of twenty-nine men, all hunters and

trappers. At the commencement of this expedition, Beckwourth and an old mountaineer, who had the unenviable reputation of always leaving his friends in the lurch, were sent from the Kansas River to the Republican Pawnees—about 300 miles—to buy horses. They accomplished the distance in ten days; but the Pawnees had shifted their camp, and, what was worse, they had left no provisions *en cache*. On their return, they nearly died of fatigue and starvation, and owed their safety only to an opportune meeting with some Osage Indians. This was young Beckwourth's second campaign in the Far West.

In his third campaign—again as a hunter in General Ashley's company—the whole of the party nearly died of starvation. No game could be found, and the men were reduced to a ration of half-a-pint of flour per day. Beckwourth, sent out to try his luck, killed a deer, a wolf, and an elk, and subsequently had the good fortune of shooting the first buffalo in this campaign. Nevertheless, General Ashley and his company were out of luck, and must have starved had they not fallen in with a tribe of the Pawnee Loups, who sold them provisions, and showed them how to make "a surround" for buffaloes. We extract Beckwourth's account of the Indian mode of taking these animals:—

There were probably engaged in this hunt from one to two thousand Indians, some mounted and some on foot. They encompass a large space where the buffaloes are contained, and closing in around them on all sides form a complete circle. When the surround is formed, the hunters radiate from the main body to the right and left until the ring is entire. The chief then gives the order to charge, which is communicated along the ring with the speed of lightning. Every man then rushes to the centre, and the work of destruction is begun. The unhappy victims finding themselves hemmed in on every side run this way and that, in their mad efforts to escape. Finding all chance of escape impossible, and seeing their slaughtered fellows drop dead at their feet, they bellow with affright, and in the confusion that overwhelms them, lose all power of resistance. The slaughter generally lasts two or three hours, and seldom many get clear of the weapons of their assailants.

In the "surround" in question, 1400 buffaloes were killed, and "General Ashley himself counted the tongues."

After witnessing the surround, the company travelled in the direction of the Rocky Mountains. On the road, Beckwourth had a difficulty with his leader, and each threatened to kill the other at the first favourable opportunity. This, however, did not prevent Beckwourth from saving the General's life from starvation, from a wounded buffalo, and from the Green River Suck. Hereupon the General declared him to be "a problem he could not possibly solve." In the course of the same campaign, the "problem" shot a grizzly bear which had put the whole camp to flight, while, upon the arrival of the party at New Orleans with a live bear—a friendly present to General Ashley from a brother trapper—the "problem" volunteered to lead the animal from the ship. His *modus operandi* was curious enough:—

I procured a small stick, walked straight up to the bear, and speaking very sharp to him, unfastened his chain. He looked me in the eyes for a moment, and giving a low whine, dropped his head.

Thus was the bear subdued and taken in triumph to the house of a Major Biddle, who "quaked with fear" at the sight of the animal. Well he might; for the first thing the bear did on being made fast to a tree was to devour a small pig which happened to pass that way.

The next campaign, again in the service of General Ashley, was full of adventures. Beckwourth joined a party that had been out for some time, just as they were going into winter quarters at the Salt Lake. One dark night, eighty of their horses were stolen by the Punak Indians, a tribe which at that time inhabited the head water of the Columbia River. The trappers followed the Indians five days, charged them, re-conquered their horses and "a few over," and "six of the enemy were killed and scalped." Soon afterwards, Beckwourth, having risen to consideration in the band, was accommodated with a servant, the widow of a man who had been killed by an accident. She kept his clothes in repair, made his bed, and took care of his weapons. The next adventure is a battle with the Blackfoot Indians, in which the trappers killed some hundreds of their enemies and took seventeen scalps. In another battle with the Blackfeet, who came back to take their revenge for the defeat, they took one hundred and seventy-three scalps. In all these engagements Beckwourth performed prodigies of valour, shooting Indians by the dozen, charging single-handed upon whole scores of them, and scalping the conquered—to borrow a Yankee idiom—with the rapidity of "greased lightning." The Blackfeet, of course, were subdued. They sent the conquerors, not exactly earth and water, but beaver skins and buffalo robes, and solicited the honour of having a trading post in their country. Their request was granted, and Beckwourth, the exterminator of Blackfeet, was sent to reside with the tribe, for, "with the Indians, the greater the brave, the higher the respect for him, even though an enemy."

We have now come to a very critical period of our hero's life. Among the Blackfeet he concluded his first marriage. The chief, As-as-to, or Heavy Shield, offered him his eldest daughter. Considering this an alliance that would guarantee his life, as well as enlarge his trade, Mr. Beckwourth accepted the offer, and without any superfluous ceremony he became son-in-law to As-as-to. The marriage was scarcely consummated when a "difficulty" arose between the young couple. A couple of white men's scalps had been taken, a scalp dance was held, and Mrs. Beckwourth joined the ball, in spite of her husband's prohibition. Mr. Beckwourth, surprising her in flagranti—that is to say, dancing harder than any other Blackfoot lady—took his battle-axe, and struck his disobedient wife a heavy blow on the

* *The Life and Adventures of James P. Beckwourth, Mountaineer, Scout, and Pioneer, and Chief of the Crow Nation of Indians. With Illustrations. Written, from his own dictation, by D. D. Bonner. London: Sampson Low and Co. New York: Harper.*

head, which felled her "as if a ball had pierced her heart." This was asserting the husband's privilege with a vengeance! One would naturally expect the friends of the lady to have felt strongly on the subject. So they did. Heavy Shield apologized for having given Mr. Beckwourth a wife who "had no ears," and as a peace-offering proposed to him to marry his younger daughter, a woman of "good sense and good ears." The kind offer was accepted, and that very night the young lady was brought to Mr. Beckwourth's hut. But if the first wife had no ears, heaven had indemnified her for that want by the extra thickness of her skull. She was stunned, not dead. In the night she sought her husband's couch, sobbing and promising to behave better for the future. Mr. Beckwourth declined her overtures, because he expected soon "to leave the camp, wives and all." He did leave them, and after his return to the Fur Company's camp, being one day chased by a party of Indians, he ran 95 miles between sunrise and sunset. He has neglected to give us the date of this memorable race, but we hope it was on the 21st of June.

We pass over a variety of battles with the Blackfeet and Punnaks. The bulletins are remarkable, but still monotonous. They amount to this, that Mr. Beckwourth and one or two companions, under cover of a dead horse or a furze, kept hundreds of Indians at bay, killing scores of them and taking dozens of their scalps. But we cannot pass over his introduction to the Crow Indians. The Crows, it appears, had from time immemorial been at feud with the Blackfeet; and their chiefs, being on a visit in the Fur Company's camp, seemed to take an interest in the young warrior who had killed such numbers of their enemies. It would also appear that the Indians have a firm belief in the straightforwardness of a white man's tongue—in other words, they take it for granted that white men speak the truth. One of Mr. Beckwourth's friends told the Crows that our hero was by birth a Crow, that he had been stolen in his infancy and sold to the whites. Shortly afterwards, Mr. Beckwourth, when alone in the Prairie, was surprised by a party of Crows, who took him prisoner to their village, where he was recognised as the "lost Crow," and identified by an old woman as the child she had lost in a foray of the Shians. In less than half-an-hour after his arrival at the Crow village, Mr. Beckwourth had a father, a mother, six brothers, and four sisters, who took off his old leggings and moccassins, and supplied him with new ones beautifully ornamented according to their very last fashion. On the following day he was provided with a wife. Three young ladies—Stillwater, Black-fish, and Three-roads—the daughters of a chief named Black-lodge—were paraded before him. He chose Stillwater, whom he describes as affectionate, obedient, gentle, cheerful—exactly what a wife should be. A name, too, was given him by these affectionate relatives. They called him Morning Star. But this was only Mr. Beckwourth's first name among the Crows. His next was Bloody Arm. After that he was called Big Bowl, Bobtail Horse, and finally, when after adventures innumerable, he was elected chief of the nation, he received the very flattering sobriquet of "The Medicine Calf."

Great as were the virtues of Stillwater, we are sorry to find that Mr. Beckwourth sought happiness elsewhere. Polygamy is common among the Indians, and the "lost Crow" adopted this and other Indian practices with a good will which evidently astonished his new-found relations. He married into all the chief families of the tribe. Thrice he eloped with Red Cherry, the wife of Big Rain, and thrice, according to Indian custom, was he whipped by Big Rain and his sisters. He married a young lady who made him an offer because she wished to be the wife of a great brave, and finally he married Pineleaf, a heroine who had made a vow not to become a wife until she had taken a hundred scalps. According to his account, he made the Crow nation rich and prosperous by first vanquishing their enemies, and next by encouraging them in the arts of peace—trapping beaver, hunting buffalo, and selling peltry. But the more intently he became acquainted with the Indian character, the less did he believe that Indians would ever become civilized. "A white man," says Mr. Beckwourth, "may become an Indian, but no Indian can ever become a white man."

Mr. Beckwourth himself is an illustration of the first part of this proposition. Even if we charitably believe that he exaggerates his own doings, still we cannot close our eyes to the fact that he took kindly to all Indian vices. He blames the Indians for their unrelenting cruelty, but if half of what he says of himself be true, he was at least worthy of becoming one of themselves. The Indians called him Bloody Arm, on account of his relentless conduct in battle. They gave him the sobriquet of Bobtailed Horse, because he was the best horse-thief among the Crows. He saw a strange Indian taking his ease in the Prairie, and shot him for his gun and blanket. If the Indians are unsteady, so, according to his own account, was he. He left the Crows and his half-dozen wives, including that wonderful heroine, Pineleaf—a lady redolent of third-class French romances—to become a trader among the mortal enemies of his adopted nation. He left the Shians to serve as scout to the American troops in California. He discovered a pass through the Rocky Mountains, and settled down as an innkeeper. Nor was all this shifting and changing done in pursuit of the "almighty dollar;" for it would appear that money poured in upon Mr. Beckwourth, no matter where he went or what he did. Indeed, the financial question—the question of dollars and cents—which he most

ostentatiously parades before his readers, is in itself enough to suggest doubts as to his veracity. His good fortune is extraordinary. He pockets a thousand dollars for carrying a despatch. For many years he is the salaried agent of a fur company, and his pay is a couple of thousands of dollars. For years, too, he drives a prosperous trade with the Indians, who give him buffalo robes worth five dollars each for a couple of ounces of tobacco. Indian chiefs smother him with presents of buffalo robes. He himself kills game by the thousand, and stampedes horses by hundreds. He is always gaining, always prosperous; yet all at once we find him complaining of his wasted life, and that he is a poor man, while others, who took less trouble and ran less risks, have obtained a competence. There must be something radically wrong in these conflicting statements. We have nothing whatever to do with Mr. Beckwourth's private purse, but his inconsistencies in his voluntary statements of accounts justify the suspicion that his Auto-biography, like that of Götthe, is a medley of fiction and truth. We are the more confirmed in this view, since Mr. Beckwourth only furnished the materials for the volume which bears his name, while the literary portion of the speculation was executed by another gentleman, who probably supplied not only the style, but also as much of fiction as was deemed necessary to ensure popularity to the work. Pineleaf, the heroine, for instance, strikes us as a creation of Mr. Bonner's, who, since he was about it, might have invented something more attractive. But making all possible allowances for Mr. Bonner's additions, and for that braggart spirit which, from the days of Munchausen, has been the characteristic of old hunters, enough remains of ugly truth to disgust us with Mr. Beckwourth. He confesses to all Indian vices, and he boasts of one vice which Indians have not—he is ungrateful. He abandons his wives and children for no reason whatever. He passes his life among the Indians; they are kind to him; they load him with wealth and with such honours as it was theirs to bestow; and in return he discusses the best means of civilizing them from off the face of the earth. Whisky, he says, kills them; but its action is too slow. The speedier mode of getting rid of them is to starve them. They live upon the buffalo; and if the buffalo were shot, poisoned, and otherwise civilized away, the Indian race would soon die out. This may be good advice to Transatlantic statesmen; but it is revolting to hear it from a man of Mr. Beckwourth's antecedents.

SHAKSPEARE IN FRANCE.*

IT is long since the "*Monsieur Macbeth, Monsieur Macbeth, prenez bien garde de Monsieur Macduff.*" was a fair specimen of Shakspeare in France. Our neighbours begin to understand the "drunken savage," and, what is more surprising, they begin to understand the English language. They continue, it is true, to spell English names, and to employ English titles, with an audacity of error no other people could venture on. They continue to apostrophize the "great Williams," and to quote "To be or not to be, *comme dit Hamlet*," as if there were some mysterious wisdom in those six monosyllables. But among the cultivated few, English is becoming an accomplishment, such as German is with us, and Shakspeare is seriously studied—nay, more, he is occasionally well translated. Alexandre Dumas has made a pitiable arrangement of *Hamlet*, and George Sand has recently made a still worse arrangement of *As You Like It*; but, as a set-off against these, we may place the volume just published by M. Ernest Lafond, which is really an excellent translation, remarkable for its accuracy, and not without elegance.

The task, it must be confessed, was difficult. The poems and sonnets of Shakspeare are so peculiar in their diction that in many respects they are foreign to us Englishmen of the nineteenth century; and, *à fortiori*, they must be strange to the diction and thought of Frenchmen. The very form of the sonnet presents unusual obstacles to a translator; and these are heightened by the involved, figurative, and abrupt style in which Shakspeare often writes. The French labour under the serious disadvantage of having no poetical diction. Nothing is said in their poetry which might not with propriety be said in prose; whereas English and Italian poems are written in language which would often sound utterly ridiculous in prose. When we take into account such difficulties as these, we shall admit that M. Lafond has produced a very remarkable translation; and he has printed the original underneath his own version, to enable every one to test his accuracy.

As a fair specimen, let the thirteenth sonnet be chosen:—

Le marbre, ni l'airain, ni les tombeaux dorés
Des rois, ne survivront à mes rimes puissantes,
Car avec votre image on les verra brillantes,
Quand nos fils foulent des cercueils ignorés.
Renversant pèle-mêle et palais et statues,
La guerre parmi nous peut désormais venir,
Le dieu Mars des cités peut niveler les rues,
Il devra s'arrêter à votre souvenir!
Et vous traverserez d'un pas ferme et tranquille
Le désert de l'oubli par la mort habité,
Pour aller aborder à la postérité.
Ne délaignez donc pas, madame, cet asile,
Et, jusques au beffroi du dernier jugement,
Vous vivrez dans le cœur de tout fidèle amant.

* *Poèmes et Sonnets de William Shakspeare. Traduits en vers. Par Ernest Lafond. London: Williams and Norgate. 1856.*

Not marble, not the gilded monuments
Of princes, shall outlive this powerful rhyme;
But you shall shine more bright in these contents
Than unswept stone, besmeared with sluttish time.
When wasteful war shall statues overturn,
And broils root out the work of masonry,
Nor Mars his sword nor war's quick fire shall burn
The living record of your memory.
'Gainst death and all-oblivious enmity
Shall you pace forth; your praise shall still find room,
Even in the eyes of all posterity
That wear this world out to the ending doom.
So, till the judgment that yourself arise,
You live in this, and dwell in lovers' eyes.

Englishmen will feel their flesh creep a little at
Ne dédaignez donc pas, madame, cet asile;

but, in French ears, *madame* is nearer to *ma dame* than it is in ours, and the politeness is not unpoetical. If this sonnet be closely scrutinized, it will show that M. Lafond has well preserved the meanings, and dexterously avoided the difficulties. We must not forget that the translator is obliged to alter; and the extent of the alteration depends on the amount of discrepancy between the two languages, and on the necessities of metre. But—and this explains the impossibility of adequate translation—every alteration, however slight, is a substitution of the translator for the poet. The exquisite felicities of poetry depend on those airy nothings, those subtle combinations, which no translation can reproduce. Let us, for example, examine the seventh sonnet in M. Lafond's version:—

Oui, j'ai vu le soleil, à son lever limpide,
Caresser d'un regard les sommets les plus hauts,
Sous ses baisers brillants essuyer l'herbe humide
Et mêler ses flots d'or à l'argent des ruisseaux;
Mais il permet parfois à l'orage rapide
De voiler ses rayons sous de sombres rideaux,
Et d'étendre, en laissant l'univers dans le vide,
Sur sa couche de feu le linceul des tombeaux.
Et mon soleil aussi, je m'en souviens encore,
Eut d'abord pour mon front une riante aurore,
Et ses rayons pour moi n'ont duré qu'un instant;
Puis ils se cachés, et la nuit est venue;
Mais je ne puis blâmer ce caprice inconstant
Si, comme l'autre, il veut me dérober sa vue.
Full many a glorious morning have I seen
Flatter the mountain-tops with sovereign eye,
Kissing with golden face the meadows green,
Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchymy;
Anon permit the basest clouds to ride
With ugly rack on his celestial face,
And from the forlorn world his visage hide,
Stealing unseen to west with this disgrace:
Even so my sun one early morn did shine
With all triumphant splendour on my brow;
But out! alack! he was but one hour mine,
The region cloud hath mask'd him from me now.
Yet him for this my love no whit disdaineth;
Suns of the world may stain, when heaven's sun staineth.

It cannot be said that this translation is unworthy of praise, all things considered; but how different from the original it is made by slight changes! The opening, *Oui, j'ai vu le soleil*, strikes a false note, and throws a wrong emphasis. The *lever limpide* is poor, and in no way represents "glorious morning."

Caresser d'un regard les sommets les plus hauts,

is only approximative—we miss the "sovereign eye" which flatters the mountain tops. The *baisers brûlants* of the rising sun Shakspere never would have said; but the line

Et mêler ses flots d'or à l'argent des ruisseaux

is a happy paraphrase, and an elegant verse. We need not pursue this minute analysis, which would only serve to prove the position that *translation* is necessarily *alteration*, and is consequently imperfect. And our criticism is not directed against M. Lafond, but is meant to explain why the reader should not demand from M. Lafond's translation that perfect rendering of Shakspere's verse which no translation can effect. The German language enables German translators to approximate more closely than any others; but even the German is but approximation, and often very lumbering unmusical approximation. One more specimen of M. Lafond's powers must conclude our notice:—

Oui, j'appelle la mort ! tant je suis las de voir
La luxure impudente et d'oripeaux parée,
Et le vil mendiant aspirant au pouvoir,
Et la foi la plus pure en tous lieux parjurée,
Et par les bruits méchants la vertu décharnée,
Et la lâche sottise écrasante le savoir,
Et la sainte pudeur au libertin livrée,
Et sur les esprits droits la ruse prévaloir;
Et le vrai dont on doute, et l'art que l'on bâillonne,
Et le fou qui tout haut comme un docteur raisonne,
Enfin le bien captif du capitaine mal.

Oui! de ce lieu maudit, demeure mal famée,
Je fuirais, en m'offrant moi-même au coup fatal,
Si je n'y devais pas laisser ma bien-nommée.

Tir'd with all these, for restful death I cry,—
As, to behold desert a beggar born,
And needy nothing trimm'd in jollity,
And purest faith unhappily forsworn,
And gilded honour shamefully misplac'd,
And maiden virtue rudely strumpeted,

And right perfection wrongfully disgrac'd,
And strength by limping sway disabled,
And art made tongue-tied by authority,
And folly (doctor-like) controlling skill,
And simple truth miscall'd simplicity,
And captive good attending captain ill:
Tir'd with all these, from these would I be gone,
Save that, to die, I leave my love alone.

A SIX WEEKS' TOUR IN SWITZERLAND.*

IT is not easy to write a good book of travels. Even if the ground over which most tourists go were not so well-known as it is, the faculty of accurate observation is so rare, that few observers have much to tell us. But the great reason why so many books of travel are bad, is that there have been a few really good ones. The ordinary traveller wishes to imitate his extraordinary predecessors; and although the examples for imitation are very various, he is not satisfied unless he borrows something from every source that he admires. He remembers that Mr. Laing went through Europe to ascertain the social condition of the lower classes; and, accordingly, he generalizes on the habits and prospects of the German peasantry from an interview with a cobbler's wife who gives him a draught of milk, and estimates the future of Switzerland by the behaviour of his guide. He has read Dr. Arnold's letters, and perceives how the feelings of a reflective Christian may be interwoven with the common incidents of travel—so he calls upon himself for a proper quantity of moral and religious reflection, and finds, perhaps to his surprise, that they are the easiest parts of his book to compose. Mr. Stanley teaches him the poetry of geography, and *Eothen* stimulates him to show himself a brilliant writer and a thorough man of the world. The American diaries of Captain Marryat and Mr. Dickens suggest the great advantage of jokes, funny language, and humorous anecdotes, more or less true. On the slender skeleton of his adventures he builds up the massive and imposing body of a book that shall do him justice as a man and an Englishman. Out come two handsome octavos, in the loveliest pink binding, with a frontispiece of the author in his Mushalee costume; and friendly critics pronounce that "this sensible and lively writer" has, if possible, surpassed his *Moanings from Mesopotamia* by his *Twitterings from the Tigris*.

At last, however, we have come upon a little book which, in its healthy and vigorous simplicity, presents a favourable contrast to the elaborate and highly-polished narratives of tours and travels written for the booksellers. An anonymous author, who signs himself W. L., went this summer through a portion of Switzerland and Northern Italy, and has written an account of his wanderings, in the most unpretending book of travels we have ever read. It is scarcely credible, after our experience of most modern works of the kind, but we think we are justified in saying that this traveller only tells us what he really saw, and describes himself as thinking what he really thought. There is only one religious reflection in the whole volume, and no joke—absolutely none. That a man should go to Switzerland, write about it, and not insert even the faintest approach to a bad joke, is a remarkable innovation. Throughout, there is an entire absence of affectation. W. L. very properly took great interest in ascertaining what is technically termed his "condition," and in testing his powers of wind, locomotion, and endurance. He also made careful experiments as to the quantity of baggage that he could conveniently carry, and as to the kind of clothing which best suited the vicissitudes of his journey. Every one who has travelled knows that these are the sort of things about which travellers really think. Practically, the mind of a pedestrian is occupied, first, by the intense contemplation of little bodily discomforts, such as the pinching of a shoe, or the galling of a stocking—next, by the examination of his own bodily powers, and the delight of finding himself fresher in the twelfth mile than the second—and thirdly, by the hopes and remembrances of meals. The portion of his mind that may still remain unaccounted for is devoted to the enjoyment of the beauties of scenery, or the oddities of men. The jokes and religious reflections are added when he returns to his English fireside, and therefore no allowance need be made for them. But most travellers wish us to suppose that they are entirely indifferent to everything in which it is not highly creditable to them to take an interest. They could walk any number of miles in soleless boots, and eat any quantity of rye-bread, so that they might look at a mountain, or have "a rather interesting conversation with our queerly-dressed host." W. L. is more honest. He tells us about his boots, and his waterproofs, and how difficult he found it to get up the side of this or that mountain, or to walk over this or that pass. The consequence is, that he has written a book which not only will supply many useful hints to future tourists, but which satisfies us that, when he tells us he enjoyed scenery, we may believe him. There is an air of sincere enjoyment pervading all he writes which is pleasant in itself, and which we accept as genuine all the more readily because he himself ascribes it, in a great degree, to the pleasure of vigorous physical exertion.

W. L. and his companion set out, at the end of June, for Switzerland, crossed the Splügen Pass, visited the Italian Lakes, returned by the St. Gotthard Pass to Lucerne, and went thence by

* *Journal of Six Weeks' Adventures in Switzerland, Piedmont, and on the Italian Lakes.* By W. L. and H. T. London. 1856.

Interlachen, the Gemmi and Theodule Passes, Aosta, and Contamines, to Chamouni, and so home by Geneva and Paris. No route can be more familiar, and no tour has been more frequently made. But, in one point of view, this very circumstance gives a value to the book. If any one who does not know Switzerland wants to lay out a plan for spending six weeks to the best advantage in that country, he cannot do better than refer to this little volume. He cannot go a better way than W. L. went, and he will receive from this book exactly the kind of advice and instruction which he would get from a friend well acquainted with Switzerland. W. L. is most minute in his directions as to the selection of proper clothes and travelling apparatus—numbering the pounds of weight which he found it pleasant to carry, and distinguishing carefully between the essentials and the non-essentials of the wardrobe. He also marks on a map the portions of the route which he traversed on foot, so that the intending tourist can see at a glance how much hard work lies before him. The whole volume contains little more than a hundred pages, and we do not know where any one proposing to take such a journey could find so much available information in so small a compass. The book does not aspire to any literary success; but it deserves to be carefully studied by all who wish to make a short and rapid tour in Switzerland, and its plain unambitious good sense most favourably distinguishes it from the ordinary specimens of the class to which it belongs.

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